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Jan. 5, 1916 *Signature*.....

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The Sketch

No. 1197 —Vol. XCIII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1916. SIXPENCE.



TO MARRY THE HEIR OF FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT FRENCH OF YPRES: MISS OLIVIA MARY JOHN, BRIDE-ELECT OF CAPTAIN J. R. L. FRENCH.

Miss Olivia Mary John, who is to be married on Wednesday next, Jan. 12, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Captain John Richard Lowndes French, elder son of the famous Field-Marshal, is the daughter of the late Major-General John, D.C.L.I., and niece and adopted daughter of the Countess of Charlemont, widow of the third Earl of Charlemont. The bridegroom, it was announced in the "Gazette" of Dec. 30, "has been appointed Second Lieutenant, London Brigade, R.F.A. (T.F.), and seconded for service with a Provisional Brigade, R.F.A., dated Dec. 31." His promotion to temporary Captain is also gazetted, dated the same day.—[*Photograph by Lafayette.*]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS TO LONELY SOLDIERS.



NURSERY NONSENSE.

By Marthe Troly-Curtin.
Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

TO begin with, thank you all, thank you very much for cards and letters and good wishes.

I 've just been lectured on my frivolity: oh, it does not worry me much, I am used to it—being lectured, I mean: everybody who says he (sometimes she) cares for me proves it by giving me good advice!

Sybil has just left me. She came looking as sweet and furry as a *bonbon fourré*, a little lump of pink with chocolate around. Marriage becomes women, I think. Sybil is ever so much more attractive since her marriage: she walks better (or is it the full skirts?), she has more assurance, she is awfully proud of her hubby (one of "yous" who keeps on being wounded and going back); and then, of course, she dresses ever so much better than she used to as a girl, because her mother, Lady Singtomebob (I don't know how to spell it) was so dowdy—quite the old nobility touch—and saw to it that Sybil should not degenerate into smartness. But Jimmy (Sybil's hubby), fortunately for her, had before he married her been engaged (successively, I believe) to Babs Bagatelle (you know, the girl in "The Girl from the Sweet-Shop"), and to Lily Grey (you know, the girl in "The Revue Girl"), and to Rose Thorney (you know, the girl in "The Girl from Everywhere"), and I need not say that he knew what girls wear (and are), and his taste — in dress and lingerie—was unimpeachable. It was said (but I never dared ask Sybil whether 'twas true or not) that on the morrow of their marriage he made a present of his wife's trousseau to his old "Nanny" in the country, and then "did" the "maisons" with her (Sybil, not Nanny!). (Maisons is the superlative for shops.) And though (it is said) Sybil used to be somewhat piqued to see the *premières*, the *manneguins*, and even the fitters treat her husband as an *habitué*, yet it 's exhilarating to watch oneself being metamorphosed, with the help of a generous though legitimate lover, from the appearance of a young cook-general (with character) to the terrific swishness of Babs Bagatelle herself during the American Season in the pre-war Paris-dise.



"Female children."

Said Sybil to me, before even we had said in unison, "How well you look, darling!"—

"Oh, Phrynette, what do you think of my toque?"

It was a little mob-cap of pretty gauze trimmed with fur, nothing to gasp at, but quite becoming. "Lady Mandaring is wearing one like that," Sybil went on, "and I got my woman to 'adapt' it, and so ridiculously cheap too! D'you know, I saved five guineas at least on this hat—no osprey, no aigrette, no buckle, nothing—I am strictly economising now. Do you like it? Quite French, isn't it?"

"I don't know that it is particularly French, but it 's charming; and what a gorgeous coat!"

"Oh, *that thing*!" said Sybil lightly, as she threw the hundred (at least) guinea "thing" carelessly on a chair. "Yes; it 's new too. My last year one is hopeless as regards cut, and if you get it remodelled it looks as if you had hunted the last specimens of an extinct race of animals for their pelts; and you see, *having saved on the hat, I felt justified in getting something decent*! But," she added, "I haven't come to talk chiffon, but to scold you. I 've read about your call on Peggy—of course, Peggy is Julia, isn't she? I knew who you meant at once—everybody knew."

"Yes, of course, Peggy is Julia; but it wouldn't do to tell people's names, would it—well?"

"Well, you lost such a splendid opportunity of doing good. Fancy Julia adopting this Chinese dog—or whatever it is—when she knows how keen I am on my crèche; and now that cat of Cynthia is getting ahead of me with hers. She secured royalty last week to come and cut bread-and-butter to be looked at by the children." "Who eats it, then, if the children only look at it?" "Oh, don't be silly! Column and column they had in the papers, and photographs." "Poor kids, being photographed on empty little maries." "Cynthia and her crowd are getting all the praise, and I don't see why I should not make a success of my crèche, though grey overalls look dull for children, don't they? But mother would have them grey. And, you know, I am nursing, and running theatricals, and I have started a farm in Kent, so that I can't be much at the crèche; and then Julia goes and gets a dog."

"What do you want her to do—cut bread-and-butter and make the children shy?"

"No; I want her to take up one of my orphans and have it photographed. It would be the making of the crèche. Why, our duty is to Young England—we are all realising that except Julia. The other day I was walking in Regent Street with Meg, and we saw a woman there trotting along in a ripping fur coat and the 'cutest hat and boots and things, and she was pushing a huge pram in front of her—yes, with a baby in it! And Meg was so impressed that the next day she hired six kiddies from my crèche (for the example, you know), and she dressed them up—they were all pretty ones, all graduated sizes—and paraded them in the Park, in Park Lane, and Piccadilly; and weren't they stared at, all the more so that they were all so unlike one another!"

"Meg might have been taken for a much re-married widow!"

"Children are quite the fashion just now. Why, they even had them at Murray's this Christmas!"

I 'm so glad it is being "done" again!

Personally, I think it would be more interesting to take up a beautiful little girl than adopt a moth-eaten-looking Chinese puppy, and that bringing up beautiful female children so that their beauty has a chance to flourish is an affair of national importance, like the bedding of flowers in the Park and town-planning, don't you? There are none too many beautiful women, and yet — does not it make you shudder to think that so many of them are being wasted in factory or work-rooms or basement upon people who don't appreciate their rarity? Not that you yourselves, *camarades*, always know a beautiful woman when you see her. Why, I remember going often, with many of "yous" (not all together, though) to tea at Crumbandeclair's in St. James's, and there pointing out to you a tea-girl who was a very clear-cut cameo of Hebe. The youngest of "yous" declared to me with primitive directness and eloquence that he had "no use for



"If those silly 'Yous' only knew what they were missing!"

her," and meanwhile he was gladogleying a little dimply thing on my left, with a turned-up nose, no neck, eyes ready to roll out at the least surprise, and nails bitten to the quick.

The next time, the most intellectual among you looked at Hebe, mentally weighed, measured, and summed her up, and then, turning to me languidly, "Painfully perfect," he decided, and drank another cup, as if the effort to look at a beautiful profile had been rather a bore, don't you know.

Well, such a woman should, by the fitness of Fate, sit in a palace and not be serving sweets and passing pastries to unappreciative "yous"!

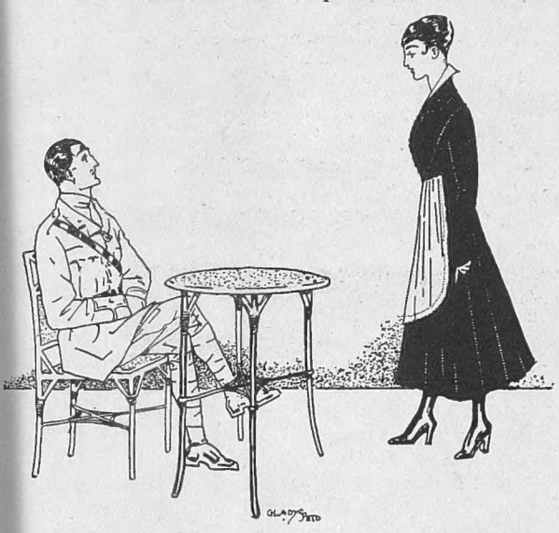
Not long ago I received a book of new, very new, poems, called "Songs for the New Age," by James Oppenheim, and in it, to my pleasant surprise, was this—

THE BAKERY WAITRESS.

What face lifts, so perfect in profile?
Who speaks to the young men at the table?
Is it Minerva slipped from her marble?

But what do the young men see?
One calls, "Hey, kid, butter-cakes and coffee."
Curious, how very blind these eaters can be.

I am sure he was inspired for this at Crumbandeclair's!



"One calls, 'Hey, kid, butter-cakes and coffee.'"

If I were a tease, or the tyrannical arbiter of a lady's column, I would reply to "The Matelot's" letter, "See answer to 'So-and-Such,'" but I won't. Here is for you, "The Matelot"—you must down and drown (plenty of water where you are — in London too, by the way) that little yellow devil with the green eyes: what is in a title? I have said again and again that I was all-embracing (in my letters!), and that they were addressed to all fighting friends—lonely sailors as well as lonely soldiers. And indeed, of late, I have been wondering whether you—khaki men—were really as lonely as you pretend to be, or whether it is not a fact that you are so run after, so sought after, so smothered under attentions, so drawn-and-quartered between different invitations that "yous" (well, let us say some of "yous") have become spoilt pets whose only wish is to be left alone.

No; I have not discovered that myself; but I have been told so. I know of some generous people here in London who decided to offer hospitality to Lonely Soldiers on Christmas Day, but had an exciting time before they discovered there were no such persons. The ——— Contingent all had friends, the ——- —— had more offers of hospitality than they could accept. They did not actually say they were "sorry they could not oblige," but it sounded very much like it.

The Red Cross Society, Pall Mall, had begged all the officers they knew. The ——— proved, unlike Barkis, to be unwilling; and the —— Boys were having too good a time to come up to Town!

The only efficient way to secure the elusive guests was to go to the Nursing Homes and forcibly drag out of bed the heroes too weak to resist. I don't think the well-intentioned hostesses thought of that plan. In fact, they themselves, after so much arduous chasing of the recalcitrant ones, looked, many of them much in need of a restful Christmas in a nursing-home! What was most amusing (to me) was that it seemed the looks of the officials almost said they feared kidnapping!



"And lingerie."

Discouraging generosity, wasn't it? If those silly "Yous" only knew what they were missing! Charming women had been specially selected for their delectation. The menu would have made Lucullus's mouth water, the wines would have made Bacchus as green as grapes with envy, and the table decorations were so that you need not have had to dislocate your neck to see whether the woman opposite was as pretty as her voice promised.

Most table-schemes just at present are low. Silver Chinese fruit-bowls are popular among those who can afford them. I have seen huge yellow chrysanthemums treated as nymphæas (I'm sure you don't know what nymphæas are—water-lilies, if you prefer), their stems cut quite short, so that they float in large bronze bowls of the tripod sort. It seems a sin to cut long-stemmed flowers, yet the effect was quite good.

The idea of the dwarf decoration is not only in order that you need not blink about the bush, but because men are so scarce that one does not wish to hide anything of them. The rule is—one must be able to see at least three coat-buttons.

There, now, I hope "yous" are beating your head against sandbags in regret at not having jumped at the invitation. And there was dancing and table-games (see under). (No, Mademoiselle Typist; "see under" means that another paragraph was to come in there.) However, let it stand—it will make the boys smile, though that is how one gets one's evening shoes spoiled, and it also happens now and then that it is Aunt Barbara's foot all the time!

And—not apropos, oh no!—I am glad you liked the "legs of lamb" with "minx sauce."

How did you spend your holidays? I feel much better for them. I have faith in the New Year, somehow. Do you know, some twelve months ago I met Sir Edward Grey on the stairs of the Foreign Office, and he was not wearing the smile—oh, not at all—and yet I rather fancied that hat I was wearing just then. "Hum," thought I; "hum, hum!" (What was I doing at the Foreign Office? Never mind; not comforting the Lonely Officials, anyway!) Then, some time ago, I came over your Foreign Minister in the street talking very earnestly to another man, and suddenly he bent down and began drawing lines on the pavement with the butt of his umbrella. "The war fever," thought I. "Fancy being haunted by maps even in the street!" Then, as I came closer, "This is what the ideal tennis-court should be," your Foreign Minister was saying. "The War Barometer is at fair," thought I, and went much "cheer-oh-ed" on my way.



"Engaged to Babs Bagatelle (you know, the girl in 'The Girl from the Sweet-Shop'), and to Lily Grey (you know, the girl in 'The Revue Girl'), and to Rose Thorney (you know, the girl in 'The Girl from Everywhere')."

AT SHARAVOGUE: LADIES OF SOCIETY IN IRELAND.





1. AT THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON'S IRISH SEAT: LADY NORAH HASTINGS, THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, LADY MARIAN HASTINGS, LADY MOYA CAMPBELL, AND LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS.

2. HELPERS OF WAR CHARITIES: LADIES KATHLEEN, MARIAN, AND NORAH HASTINGS, DAUGHTERS OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

Even in Ireland it would not be an easy task to find a group of ladies more charming, more gifted, and more popular than those shown in our photographs. In the first picture are to be seen (from left to right) Lady Norah Hastings, the Countess of Huntingdon, Lady Marian Hastings, Lady Moya Campbell, and Lady Kathleen Hastings. Ladies Norah, Marian, and Kathleen are daughters of Lady Huntingdon, a daughter of the late Sir Samuel Wilson, of 10, Grosvenor Square, who was married to the fourteenth Earl of Huntingdon in 1892. Lord Huntingdon is a D.L. for King's County, and in 1880-81 was Page of Honour to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Lady Moya Campbell is the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Sligo, and was married, in 1912, to Lieutenant Allan Campbell, Coldstream Guards, who was killed in action, last year, on the Aisne. Our second photograph is a snapshot, also taken at Sharavogue, of Lady Kathleen, Lady Marian, and Lady Norah Hastings. The Countess of Huntingdon is an assiduous helper of war charities, as, too, are her daughters, all of whom take a keen interest in amateur theatricals, and are extremely clever alike in writing, producing, and playing in them.

Photographs by Poole, Waterford.

A MARRIAGE IS ARRANGED: LADY ARTHUR HAY, THE BRIDE.



Lady Arthur Hay.

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN R. E. K. LEATHAM, D.S.O., OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS: LADY ARTHUR HAY, WIDOW OF CAPTAIN LORD ARTHUR HAY, OF THE IRISH GUARDS.

A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Captain R. E. K. Leatham, D.S.O., of the Grenadier Guards, and Lady Arthur Hay, widow of Captain Lord Arthur Hay, of the Irish Guards, who fell in action at the battle of the Aisne. The marriage of Miss Menda Ralli, daughter of the late Ambrose Ralli, and Captain Lord Arthur Vincent Hay, second son of the tenth Marquess of Tweeddale, took place in 1911. There is one daughter, Jean, born in 1912.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



MOTLEY NOTES



"I MVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY : GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND."

BY KEBLE HOWARD
("*Chicot*").

The Real Culprits. I do not often plunge into international politics, but there has fallen into my hands a document of such world-wide interest that I feel bound to disclose the contents. It concerns the origin of the War. We have heard of various people responsible for the initiation of the War. Austria began it; Serbia began it; Russia began it; France began it; England began it.

Well, in the light of my document, the country responsible for beginning the War, in a word, was Belgium. Yes, little Belgium. Belgium, I find, had long nourished in her little bosom terrible schemes for the subjugation of the world. She wanted all the world, and she meant to begin by capturing Berlin and Vienna. Her plots were discovered by Germany, who, shocked and horrified, at once undertook hasty preparations for defence. Can you blame her? She knew the might of Belgium, and the limitless ambitions of the Belgian King.

At the beginning of August 1914, Belgium suddenly launched her armies at Germany. What happened? Meek Germany arose as one man and accepted the challenge. For Germany, it was a Sacred War of Self-Defence and the throttling of Belgium the Bully. Peaceful and sweet by nature, the German will not lay down his arms until Belgium has sworn to abandon her fearful schemes.

Deeper Matters. I turn to deeper matters—to matters connected with the Development of the Human Race. I turn, in point of fact, to an article by Mr. Harold Begbie in the *Daily Chronicle*. I find Mr. Begbie in the most optimistic mood that you can conceive. Listen—

"Bears are always bears. 'The crow still builds his nest like the first crow. Even those animals which man has domesticated and vastly improved remain true in all essentials to their earliest type. [The domestic cat, you see, is a vast improvement on the measly tiger.] You can't get a dog to read a book [personally, I never present an advance copy of my latest book to either of my dogs] you can't persuade a cat to sow mustard-and-cress; you can't induce a cow to do anything but eat. [Calves, you know, are manufactured in Birmingham, galvanised, and forwarded, carriage paid, to the fields.] But in the human race this mysterious force which we call Life is for ever moving towards something higher and better."

Mr. Begbie then gives us some striking examples of splendid things that could not possibly have happened two thousand years ago—

"The difference between a wigwam and the Ritz Hotel is enormous."

"Mr. Arthur Balfour playing Chopin at three o'clock in the morning is not to be compared with an Esquimau looking for blubber."

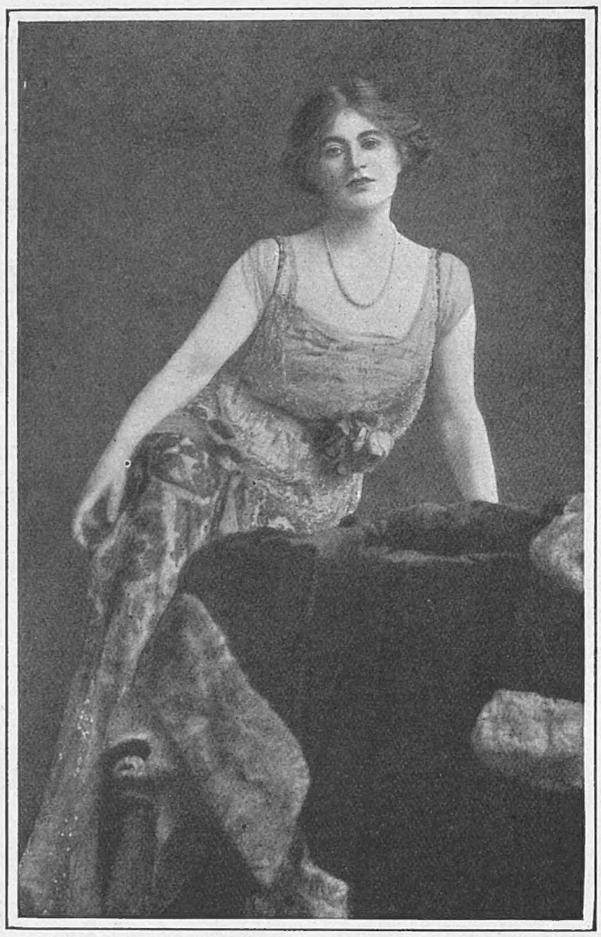
"Life is Moving." Heartily convinced by his own instances, Mr. Begbie concludes that "life is moving." I suppose it is. I expect we are all getting very splendid. I have not the slightest doubt that, in comparison with ourselves, the miserable creatures who crawled the earth hundreds of years ago have no right to be remembered at all. Yet, oddly enough, they are remembered. They did things that keep on cropping up. Somebody—popularly supposed to be King David, but actually, I am told by the best authorities, a number of gentlemen—wrote the Book of Psalms. Now, it is surely obvious that our modern poets can write infinitely better poems than are contained in the Book of Psalms. The world is moving. We no longer write—

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
When we remembered thee, O Zion.
As for our harps, we hanged them up
Upon the trees that are therein.

We do not stoop to such sentimental stuff as that. The world is moving. We now write like this, to the admiration of all—

Let us begin, dear love, where we left off;
Tie up the broken threads of that old dream;
And go on happy as before and seem
Lovers again, though all the world may scoff.

Oh, yes; life is moving all right.



DRAWING-ROOM-PROVIDER FOR A BAZAAR: MRS. GOODALL HAWES.

A Drawing-Room Bazaar was held before Christmas at the residence of Mrs. Goodall Hawes, in aid of the Officers' Families' Fund, and was a notable success. There were offered for sale various articles of vertu, artistic table-lamps and shades, crackers, fancy goods, confectionery, fruit, flowers, and Arbuthnot portraits of famous actresses.—[*Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*]

The Instances. But some carping fellow may find fault with Mr. Begbie's instances of the great advances we have made. He may say, "I admit that the difference between a wigwam and the Ritz Hotel is enormous, but are there no hovels now? And were there no palaces then? What of Ancient Rome? What of the Temple of King Solomon? Where is the modern building that will live as long as the Pyramids?" He may continue: "I admit that the vision of Mr. Arthur Balfour playing Chopin at three o'clock in the morning is very, very beautiful; and that the vision of an Esquimau looking for blubber is very, very sordid. But I must remind you that the Esquimau, who should have his little share in the Great Advance, still looks for blubber, and that Nero fiddled while Rome burnt. Not that Mr. Arthur Balfour is in any way comparable with Nero; but, if he is not at the Admiralty at three o'clock in the morning, surely he would be better seeking the rest and recuperation he must surely need so sorely, between his sheets?"

The answer to such a fellow as that is this: "Tush! Life is moving! Look, for example, at our theatres!"

The Great Theatrical Advance. So the carping fellow looks at our theatres, and then replies—

"Let me call your attention to a letter that appeared in the same issue of the *Daily Chronicle* from Mr. Matheson Lang. Mr. Lang writes: 'When one sees the weird and wonderful things that are sometimes done with Shakespeare by producers in our own day, it does not require a great stretch of imagination to conceive the mutilation and distortion that may have happened to these plays in the many productions that have been done of them between the time that Shakespeare wrote them and the present day.' What do you think of that?"

Foolish carper! You have pitched upon the weakest weapon in your armoury. If anything is needed to *prove* that life is moving, has leaped upward and onward with huge bounds in the last few years, contrast the theatrical fare of the present day with that of the past! Contrast the brilliant dialogue of our revues with the fustian of Aristophanes, the balderdash of Euripides, and the turgid nonsense of Shakespeare! Would we tolerate Sheridan now?

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.



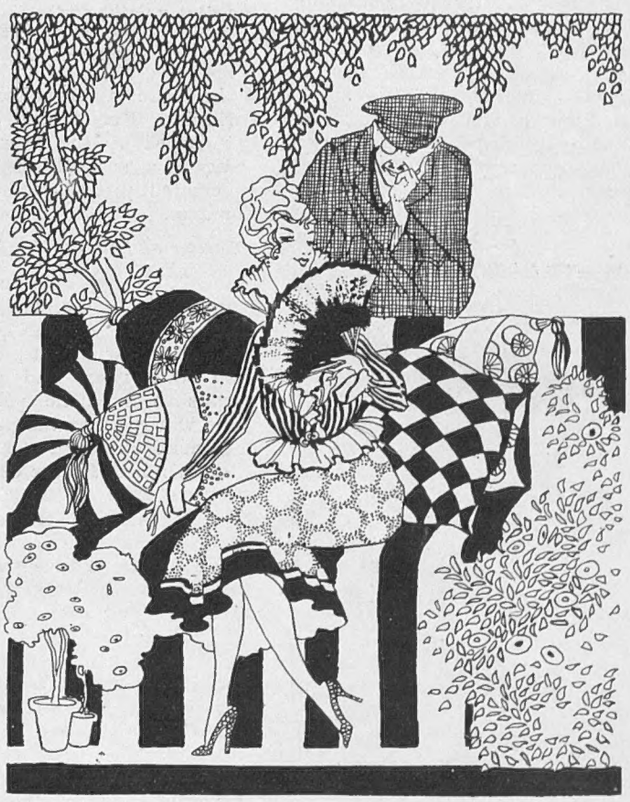
NOT TO BUY EXPENSIVE HATS—EXCEPT FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF A WOUNDED HERO



NOT TO GET UP LATE—UNLESS YOU HAVE A LONG "COMMUNIQUÉ" FROM A VERY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT!



TO GIVE UP SMOKING—UNLESS YOU GET A PRESENT OF A BOX.



TO STOP FLIRTING—UNLESS IT 'S WITH A SOLDIER-MAN HOME ON LEAVE.

DRAWINGS BY MACKENZIE.

SMALL TALK

THE Duke of Marlborough's Christmas party was an exception to the new Blenheim rules. First of all, the flower-garden, now sown with cabbages and potatoes, felt the change; then the eligible gardens felt it; now, as his Grace explained to Mrs. Winston Churchill and Lady Smith, the State bed-rooms are closed down. What is happening to the unfortunate mausoleum erected a generation or two ago, in memory of a departed member of the family? It is described by irreverent offspring as a pious edition of the Holborn Restaurant! Is that, too, closed down, or does an admiring housemaid still dust half an acre of polished marble?

The 12th Glancers. Miss Margot Gilliat, sister of the Gilliat who married the beautiful young widow of the fifth Marquess of Anglesey, is engaged. Her fiancé, Captain Leslie, is in the 12th Lancers, a regiment that in times of ornamental peace, at any rate, had a way of priding itself on the good looks of its ladies. Miss Gilliat fits into that tradition, and is extremely charming into the bargain.



ENGAGED TO MR. ROGER CORMELL FLETCHER, 23RD SIKH PIONEERS: MISS PHYLLIS GWENDOLEN TOWNSEND.

Miss Townsend is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Townsend, of Brown Hill, Camberley. Mr. R. C. Fletcher, of the 23rd Sikh Pioneers, Indian Army, is the eldest son of Captain W. Fletcher, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., of Edinburgh.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT CECIL MANSFELDT NORMAN: MISS HELEN LEMAN AVES.

Miss Aves is the only daughter of the late Commander Aves, Royal Indian Marine, and of Mrs. Aves, 3, Wellington Square, Cheltenham. Lieutenant Norman is the younger son of the late Mr. G. C. R. Norman, of Ceylon, and of Mrs. W. S. T. Saunders, Taragh, Cheltenham.

Photograph by Swaine.

Costume and Cocoa. As somebody said at the opening, the free buffet at London Bridge attracts as many smart women as a fashionable restaurant. Moreover, when the Duchess of Sutherland mustered her friends for the initial ceremony, they all turned up looking as nice as they possibly could, which was very nice indeed. The proper thing, it seemed, was to treat the mud-stained Tommy as if he were a connoisseur, in costumes as well as in cocoa and pork-pies. But at least one brilliantly beautiful person was somewhat dashed by the average soldier's apparent indifference to the niceties of a specially chosen wardrobe. "An A.B.C. girl would have created just as good an impression," lamented a disappointed Countess.



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR BOYSON SLEE, R.F.A.: MISS MURIEL ETHEL FAULKNER WILKINSON.

Miss Wilkinson is a daughter of the late Captain George Faulkner Wilkinson, Durham Light Infantry, and of Mrs. George Faulkner Wilkinson, of Woodthorpe, Sutton, Surrey. Mr. A. B. Slee, Royal Field Artillery, is the only son of the late Mr. Arthur Charles Slee, and of Mrs. Slee, of Synyards, Otham, Maidstone.—[*Photograph by Swaine.*]

Carson and the Kids. At tea-time all the hotels seem to be in the hands of the children. At Claridge's, on Jan. 5, Sir Edward Carson will relax and give prizes to the little people who win them at the party organised on behalf of Lady Carson's fund for the Ulster Division, now at the front. The Duchess of Abercorn is helping, and so are Lady Londonderry, Lady Ancaster, Lady Leitrim, Lady Greville, and many more. Sir Edward is not always so grim as the cartoonists make out; and in any case his charming wife will probably deal with any infant who is too shy to take a doll straight from the powerful hands of the ex-Cabinet Minister.

The Wrong Lady. Viscountess Gormanston did *not* hasten back to Gormanston Castle four days before the birth of her new baby, nor is the baby Lord Gormanston's only son and heir. There was, consequently, no occasion for the agitation displayed by a London paper on the score of narrow margins and a precipitate crossing of the Irish Channel. The Lady Gormanston who really did cross four days before the event was the Dowager Viscountess, and as she was merely an expectant mother-in-law—a tertiary figure in the domestic drama—it may be conceded that she left sufficient margin in order to be on the spot with punctual congratulations. The infant is a second son.

Nowhere to Go. A few weeks back we told, without vouching for it, the story of a Duchess's arrest in the English lines in France. It may have been true, or it may simply have been set about by some ingenious young person in the Useful Inventions department at the W.O. At any rate, it told a tale; it suggested a new order of things at the front, and was calculated to deter the random visitor. Certainly, there was no disposition on the part of the authorities to let the ladies spend a day or two with their lords in France at Christmas-time, and even the most persuasive were disappointed. Now even Egypt, at the last moment, is closed against them, too.

In and Out of Cairo. Many people had made arrangements to winter (which means anything from three weeks to three months) in Cairo as usual. But instead of letting more people in, the Government, as far as possible, has been getting the superfluous people out. This does not apply to the Marchioness of Titchfield, who had never contemplated more than a flying visit to her husband, and who returned before the officials got busy; nor to Lady Henry Bentinck and Lady Charles Bentinck, who also got home before Christmas; but many of the ordinary visitors who had looked forward to a favourite room at Shepheard's must now be content with a back seat in Rome, or on the Riviera. Lady Tullibardine and Lady Elcho remain in Cairo, being much too useful to dispense with. They have both done splendid work among the soldiers at Sir Milne Cheetham's convalescent home.

White House, Minor. For several reasons Tite Street, just before the war, had become one of the chief rendezvous of travelling Americans, and the fame of Whistler's White House was reviving under a new and kindlier rule. The war has not quite dispersed the company that used to gather there for tea, with Miss Douglas as a charming and discoursive hostess. Visitors from the States, it seems, still come and go, a smaller and selecter band than usual, but large enough to fill one of the prettiest rooms in London. The Wilson White House and the Whistler White House divide the honours of history.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CAMPION COOPER, 53RD SIKHS: MISS FLORA GEORGIANA DEACON.

Miss Deacon is the only child of the late Mr. James Henry Deacon, and of Mrs. Johns, Hoo Meavy, Yelverton. Lieutenant Cooper, of the 53rd Sikhs (Frontier Force), is the only son of Mr. W. R. Cooper, F.R.C.S.I., and of Mrs. Cooper, Drumnigh House, Co. Dublin, and Carrigeen Hall, Co. Cork.—[*Photograph by Swaine.*]

DUTCH, YET QUITE PARISIAN! TINA VAN DAM.



AND — TINA: MISS PHYLLIS DARE AS TINA, AT THE ADELPHI.

Miss Phyllis Dare is a clever and charming stage favourite who quickly won and has never for a moment lost a popularity which has steadily increased since her début as one of the Babes in a pantomime at the Coronet, and her appearance as Christina, in "Ib and Christina," the following year, at the Prince of Wales's, until to-day, when she is delighting Adelphi audiences as Tina Van Dam, the susceptible daughter of the old Dutch cocoa-manufacturer in "Tina," the musical comedy which has filled the house since its production a couple of months ago. Miss Phyllis Dare has played many parts and made many friends during her career. It will be noted that, though Dutch—in the play—her dressing is quite Parisian; indeed, Miss Dare has always been famous for her exquisite taste in dress.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

MRS. ASQUITH, of course, has been filling up "Really and Truly," the book of literary confessions that disturbed our Christmas holidays. The lady of Downing Street has always had a liking for reducing her own and her friends' opinions and differences of opinion to black and white. Her recent account of her old Hawarden visit is full of give-and-take on books and bookmen. Goethe is compared to the Italians; Heine is a favourite because of his French wit; Shakespeare's sense of humour is uneven; Dante and Homer and Dizzy and Tolstoi, all crop up in those few pages. There is talk of Marie Bashkirtseff and a favourite modern novel.

Margot's Album. Mrs. Asquith, in other words, was just the person to revive the vogue of the confession-album, or to get some ingenious literary friend and enterprising publisher to do it for her. "Really and Truly" reminds one irresistibly of that Hawarden interview; the questions in the album lead inevitably to Homer, Goethe, Tolstoi, the humourists, and the rest. I believe that Mrs. Asquith could not deny, *really* and *truly*, that she had something to do with its devising

The "Souls" and the "Intellectuals." The "Star and Garter ways of the Tennant family" was a mysterious description approved by Mrs. Asquith herself. It does not suggest a passion for quiet, late-Victorian evenings spent over confession-albums; but putting aside the mysterious allusion to a famous "pub.," her connection with the literary puzzle-book is quite appropriate. All the Tennants are great at intellectual drawing-room exercises, and there is something quite terrifying about their learning in poetry and the drama. To be well read is a fashion favoured whole-heartedly by the young women of the Downing Street *clique*. Lady Diana Manners will turn a dinner-party into an orgy of quotations at the least provocation from a neighbour who is a little shaky about books. The Tree girls, too, can talk like the *Athenæum* when they want to.

Their Brother. The Marquess of Granby, who is to marry a Tennant, can keep his end up against the brilliant sisters and a witty fiancée, but he has not made it part of the business of life to be clever—not only from eight to eleven every night, but all day in and all day out. Once or twice he has been persuaded to dress up for a ball, and once or twice has got into print with some lively remonstrance to the police officers who occasionally stop him and his motor on the road. Furious driving, however, is less characteristic of him than his hobby for archæology.

K.C.M.G. There is a thoroughly good excuse for Sir Ian Hamilton's *mot* about Sir George Reid. The genial Australian expects all his friends to contribute to the Reidian saga. Sir George suggested going to the front as an armoured train, and Sir Ian (without any thought of print) replied: "Perhaps you 'd be more useful as a base." Sir George is incorrigible in this matter of jesting; his girth is part of his platform stock-in-trade. "You can't get round me," is one of his favourite retorts to the heckler. Characteristic, too, of his good-humour was the explanation he provided of his K.C.M.G. "It only means keep-on calling me George," he told a group of humbler friends who wondered how they would stand with a man so highly honoured.

Anybody's Wound. Captain Lindsay Fitzgerald Hay, probably the tallest man in the English Army, was wounded some little while back, and among those who said "sorry" was the Prince of Wales. The two young men used to see something of each other at Oxford, and made a particularly noticeable couple whenever they tried to keep stride together along the towing-path. "What earthly chance had a fellow of his height?" said an acquaintance on coming across his name among the casualties. As a matter of fact, I am told, the seven-footer was wounded in the foot!

Joining-Up. Among those who have joined up fairly lately is the towering young man known only as "the giant" to a multitude of people who have seen him in the distance at dances or against the sky-line in Pall Mall and Piccadilly. Mr. Jemmett in a leopard-skin and a laurel-wreath at the Albert Hall or the Botanic Gardens on a festa night used to be a famous sight. In khaki he still looks considerably larger than life-size. It is said that even at Knebworth, which is built on a baronial scale, he used to bump his head on the ceiling twice for every crack the Lytton kids got on the floor or a table-corner. Heaven help him in a dug out!

Princess Vyner Brooke. Mrs. Vyner Brooke's baby is born into a whole world of international relationships. The little infant herself is a Princess of Sarawak, and her mother, until a few years ago, was Miss Sylvia Brett; Oliver Brett married an American, Maurice Brett married Zena Dare, and Lady Esther, mother of them all, was the daughter of Sylvain van de Weyer, at one time Belgian Minister at the Court of St. James's. The cosmopolitanism of the family will not interfere with the popularity of the little newcomer. For to be cosmopolitan nowadays is to be fashionable.



MARRIED TO MISS EVIE CAREW: LIEUTENANT THE HON. ROWLAND WINN.

Miss Evie Carew was formerly on the stage, appearing in "Betty," at Daly's Theatre. The Hon. Rowland George Winn is in the Coldstream Guards, and was wounded during the present war. He is the eldest son of Lord and Lady St. Oswald, and heir to the Barony. "Carew" is the stage name, only, of the Hon. Mrs. Rowland Winn. Her marriage took place, on Oct. 29, at St. Saviour's Church, Paddington.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN H. M. B. SALMON, D.S.O.: MISS VIOLET SERGEAUNT.

Miss Violet Sergeaunt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sergeaunt, of Tewkesbury Park, Tewkesbury. Captain H. M. B. Salmon, D.S.O., 1st Battalion, 24th Regiment, is the son of the late Captain M. B. Salmon, 3rd Q.O. Bombay Light Cavalry, and of Mrs. Vicars, of Eastbourne.

Photograph by Swaine.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT MARSHALL CURTIS BROWN: MISS EVA ALBANESI.

Miss Albanesi is the elder daughter of Le Chevalier Carlo Albanesi, the well-known musician, and Mme. Albanesi, author of many clever novels. Lieutenant Curtis Brown, Motor Machine-Gun Service, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Brown, of St. John's Wood Park, N.W., and is now on active service.

Photograph by Press Portrait Bureau.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN W. H. CALLANDER: MISS CHRISTIAN GARFORTH.

Miss Hermione Mary Christian Garforth is the daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Garforth, of Weston Hall, Yorkshire, and niece of Lord Middleton. Captain Callander is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Callander, of Preston Hall, Midlothian, and is in the Scots Greys.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

A MAUDE MARRIAGE: THE BRIDE-TO-BE.



To Marry a V.C.'s Son.

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN W. LA TOUCHE CONGREVE: MISS PAMELA CYNTHIA MAUDE, YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. CYRIL MAUDE.

Miss Pamela Cynthia Maude is the younger daughter of Mr. Cyril Maude and Mrs. Cyril Maude (Miss Winifred Emery), and sister of Miss Margery Maude, who has already made a name as a clever actress—a fact not surprising when one recalls the brilliance and versatility of her parents. Captain William La Touche Congreve, Rifle Brigade, is the eldest son of Lieutenant-General Walter Norris Congreve, V.C., C.B., M.V.O., who won the Cross in 1899, and Mrs. Congreve, of Chartley Castle, Staffordshire.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

À BECKETT; BERNHARDT: PLAYERS AMATEUR AND "DIVINE."



THE MOVING SPIRIT, AND ATTENDANT SPIRITS, IN A HUGELY SUCCESSFUL SHOW IN AID OF THE WEYMOUTH HOSPITAL: A GARRISON GROUP, INCLUDING CAPTAIN PAT À BECKETT, R.A., MR. GUY THORNE, AND "DUM-DUM," OF "PUNCH."

Captain Pat à Beckett, who before the war, it will be remembered, was associated with the Moss Empires, and had great success with the "March Hares" on tour, has continued to put his theatrical talent to excellent use in the intervals of garrison duty at Weymouth. He recently got up a dramatic and musical entertainment there in aid of the Weymouth Hospital. The show was an immense success, and it has been arranged to repeat it on Wednesday of this week for the benefit of the Dorset prisoners in Germany. The first part of the programme included "Compromising Martha" (a comedy), a musical extravaganza, and "Casualties," a "farcical tragedy in one spasm," written specially by Captain John Kendall ("Dum-Dum" of "Punch"), and played by Captain and Mrs. Pat à Beckett and Mr. Guy Thorne. The second part consisted of songs and turns by various officers, N.C.O.s, and men. Not the least notable feature of the occasion was the Souvenir Programme, a super-magazine, with contributions by Marie Corelli, Sir Owen Seaman, "Dum-Dum," Guy Thorne, and others. In the photograph Captain à Beckett is in the centre of the second row, sitting between Mr. Guy Thorne (in mufti) and Captain John Kendall. Behind Captain Kendall is Lieut. Desborough, R.E., and behind Captain à Beckett is Captain Safford-King, Dorset Regiment.



EFFECTUALLY DISPROVING THE RECENT REPORT THAT SHE WAS DYING: MME. SARAH BERNHARDT (SECOND SEATED FIGURE FROM LEFT) IN "LES CATHÉDRALES," IN WHICH SHE ARRANGED TO APPEAR AT THE COLISEUM ON MONDAY.

A dreadful rumour came over from Paris just before Christmas to the effect that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was at the point of death. Anxiety, however, was soon dispelled, and it was made known that she had merely overtaxed her strength a little, and had been ordered by her doctor back to Andernos, in the Gironde. Later came the welcome news that she was journeying to London, by easy stages, in order to appear this week at the Coliseum in Eugène Morand's "poème dramatique" called "Les Cathédrales," in which she was seen recently in Paris. The characters represent the cathedrals of Strasbourg, Notre Dame de Paris, Rheims, Bourges, Arles, St. Pol-de-Léon, and Amiens, together with a wounded French soldier. The piece is a powerful indictment of German vandalism and cruelty. In the background Rheims Cathedral is seen burning.

GOTT IM — HÖHLE !



LITTLE FRITZ *(to his naturalised father)*: Pa, where is 'Tearned?

FATHER: Tearned? Never heard of it! Vy?

LITTLE FRITZ: 'Cos nurse says you ought to be in it.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

THE CLUBMAN

CLUBLAND AND THE NEW YEAR: IMPERIAL AND ROYAL BILLS OF HEALTH.

Good Wishes to Clubland.

Certainly, amongst all the good wishes that are being passed round at this time of the year, Clubland should not be left out, for Clubland in 1916 will pass through its most difficult year since clubs were invented. The younger the club and the younger its members are, the more of them are abroad or on the sea fighting our battles, and paying their guinea foreign subscription instead of the five or eight or ten guineas that is the home subscription. Committe s and secretaries during the past autumn have been cudgelling their brains to devise means by which to meet the deficiencies of the past year and of the coming year.

What the Clubs are Doing.

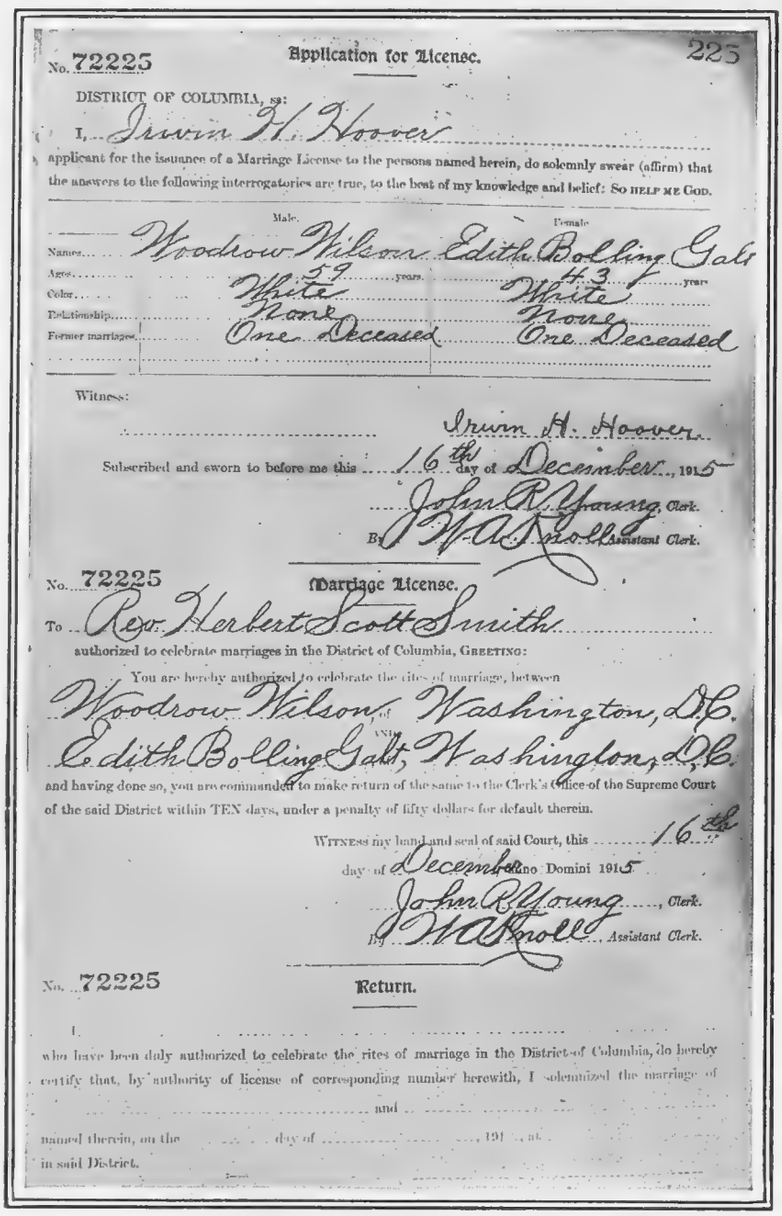
Each club that has been hit — and there is scarcely a club in London that has not been hit, except, perhaps, the clerical ones—has devised its scheme for tiding over the time until its members come home again. Many of the older clubs have increased their memberships as a temporary measure, and some of them, indeed, have gone right through their waiting list of candidates; other clubs have relied on a temporary suspension of the entrance-fee, hoping to bring in a rush of members by that device; and in a few cases the subscription has been lowered. The emptiness of the dining-rooms in all the London clubs must have struck every clubman, and committees have been more concerned, I think, to keep their clubs fairly full during the present trying times than to bring in any considerable sum of money in the form of subscriptions or entrance-fees into the club treasuries. Most of the old-established clubs have money put away, and I feel sure that we shall not hear of any serious harm coming to any of the landmarks of Clubland; bu , all the same, every clubman should wish his particular club a prosperous New Year with all becoming heartiness.

The Strain on Kings.

Sixteen months of war have begun to wear out some of the Kings of the warring nations. Our own King, most happily, has a splendid constitution, and his open-air life has given him nerves of iron. That he should have been injured by the accident of a horse falling on him has taken him away from public life for a comparatively short period, but I warrant that the end of the war will find him as strong, as cheerful, and as determined as the first day did. We can sing "God save the King" with the very fervent belief that that prayer will be answered. The rulers of Russia and of Italy and the President of the French Republic have all of them stood the strain without giving way. The King of Italy goes campaigning amidst the snows with all the gaiety and strength of his own Bersaglieri, and no proclamations issued by any ruler show more serenity than do the ukases of the Tsar.

King Peter.

The one King on our side who has felt the strain of the war and has suffered from it is King Peter of Serbia. He was not a young man when he came to the throne, and more than once of late years he has given over into his son's hands the reins of government while he retired to a cure-place to try and mend his health. His courage has always overcome his infirmities when his nation was in peril, and more than once in time of war he has come out from his seclusion to place himself at the head of his army and to encourage it to superhuman effort. The old monarch, lifted on to his horse, that he might be with his troops through all the hardships of their retirement from their own country, will be one of the most pathetic figures recorded in the history of the present war.



No. 72225 Application for License. 225

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, ss:

I, Irwin H. Hoover

applicant for the issuance of a Marriage License to the persons named herein, do solemnly swear (affirm) that the answers to the following interrogatories are true, to the best of my knowledge and belief: So HELP ME GOD.

	Male.	Female
Names	Woodrow Wilson	Edith Bolling Galt
Ages	59 years.	43 years
Color	White	White
Relationship	None	None
Former marriages	One Deceased	One Deceased

Witness:

Irwin H. Hoover

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of December, 1915

John R. Young, Clerk.

By W. A. Knoll, Assistant Clerk.

No. 72225 Marriage License.

To Rev. Herbert Scott Smith

authorized to celebrate marriages in the District of Columbia, GREETING:

You are hereby authorized to celebrate the rites of marriage, between

Woodrow Wilson of Washington, D.C.

and Edith Bolling Galt, Washington, D.C.

and having done so, you are commanded to make return of the same to the Clerk's Office of the Supreme Court of the said District within TEN days, under a penalty of fifty dollars for default therein.

WITNESS my hand and seal of said Court, this 16th day of December Anno Domini 1915

John R. Young, Clerk.

By W. A. Knoll, Assistant Clerk.

No. 72225 Return.

I, ... who have been duly authorized to celebrate the rites of marriage in the District of Columbia, do hereby certify that, by authority of license of corresponding number herewith, I solemnized the marriage of ..... and ..... named therein, on the ..... day of ....., 191.., at ..... in said District.

THE WEDDING OF THE "WHITE" MASTER OF THE WHITE HOUSE: PERMISSION FOR THE MARRIAGE OF PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON AND MRS. GALT—THE APPLICATION FOR LICENSE AND THE MARRIAGE LICENSE.

To British eyes, the note about colour in the description of the President and his bride seems curious. The wedding took place at Washington on Dec. 18, at 8.30 p.m., at the bride's home, No. 1308, Twentieth Street, North-West. It was an extremely quiet one, with no bridesmaids, best man, or music, and the only guests (forty-five people in all) the immediate relatives on both sides and members of the President's household. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson went to Hot Springs, Virginia, for their honeymoon.

The Kaiser's Throat.

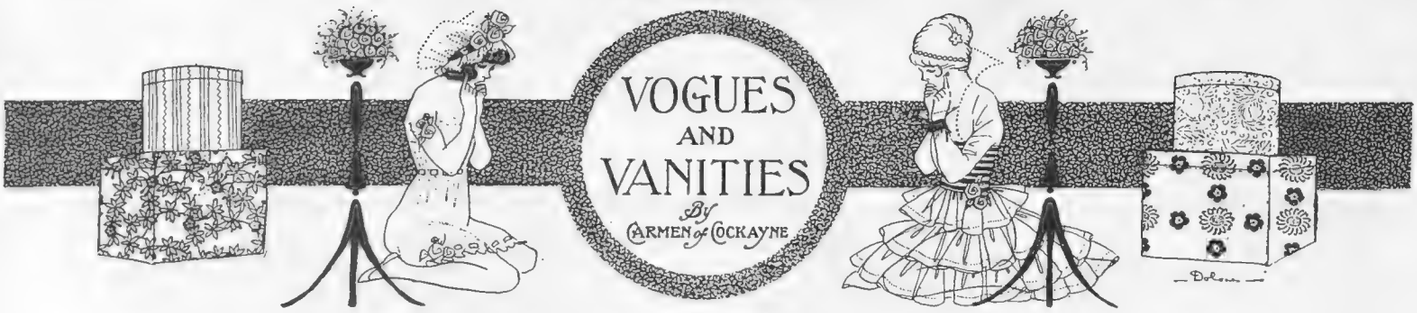
The chief amongst our enemies — the Kaiser — shows signs of breaking down. His throat trouble, whether it be serious or whether it can be patched up, will sooner or later incapacitate him as a leader in the field; and his violent outbursts of temper are those of an ill man. Had it been feasible to disguise the fact that he is really ill, this, we may be sure, would have been done, and the news of his indisposition would not have been spread abroad by German wireless had it been possible to keep the matter a secret. Whether Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is alive or dead, no one seems to know; but it is probable that he still lives on as a vegetable does, and that his countries are ruled by others in his name. Ferdinand, Tsar of Bulgaria, is not a healthy man, but there is no reason to believe that the war has made this sly, fat person really ill. The Sultan's health is a matter of total indifference to his allies and to his enemies. He does not govern, and if he attempted to do so he would one day drink a cup of coffee that had arsenic in the grounds. The balance of health amongst the Sovereigns is on the side of the Allies, while our enemies are likely to end the war with worn-out rulers. Whether the "Clown Prince" would be an improvement on his father the Kaiser, from the point of view of the Allies, seems doubtful. Though he has proved himself an incapable leader in the field, he would probably be more intractable than the Kaiser when the terms of peace have to be discussed.

Rejected by the Inventions Board.



VI.—THE ARMOURED CORN-CRUSHER FOR TREADING ON THE ENEMY'S TOES.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHT IN U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



Fashion and Fancy.

That Fashion is a capricious tyrant who rules her subjects with a rod of iron is a popular but mistaken notion. Things are, in fact, rather the other way. Certain broad rules must, of course, be followed; but there is no iron fist of unintelligent despotism. Once the first principles governing any prevailing mode have been laid down, the filling-in of details is left to the discretion of the discriminating. Somebody once said fashion was made for fools; but he was certainly not right in the sense he intended. Never was the fact that Fashion is the most broad-minded of dames better illustrated than at the present moment, when, within the dimensions of a skirt as brief as it is broad, a woman may follow her own fancy in the matter of clothes. If she inclines to the modes of fifty years ago, she may be Victorian in so far as Victorianism may be compatible with the indisputable presence of ankles and understandings. Or again, she may prefer the martial severity of braid and button, the long lines of the Russian suit, or the loose comfort of the Cossack coat. In any or all in rotation, her "turn-out" is equally fashionable, provided always that the style suits her personality and figure. Once that knotty point is settled, the rest is plain sailing.

Catholicity in Sleeves.

Then there is the matter of sleeves. Sleeves, in a double sense, loom large on the horizon this season. They offer a wide field for the exercise of originality, taste, and discretion, with this single exception—that in the case of the suit that strikes the "national" note the choice is necessarily somewhat limited. The time when a frock was dated by its sleeve has passed away. The leg-o'-mutton sleeves of the early 'nineties, the balloon sleeves that came after, the straight sleeves that heralded the opening of the twentieth century, or the one with many puffs which was a feature of the modes that followed are one and all used by the dressmaker or tailor of to-day. Here a sleeve starts life with the notion that the straight path is also the preferable one; but, forsaking good intentions, changes its mind half-way and flares to a triumphant finish. Another reverses the process; but, finding the way of the chartered libertine little to its taste, throws breadth of outlook to the winds and seeks the narrow path as it nears the end of its brief life. One puffs at the shoulder; another has no such enlarged notions of its own importance, but pursues the even tenor of its way from arm-hole to wrist; and the bell sleeve opens unabashed over cuffs of lawn or lace, whichever you please. One sleeve is set into a normal arm-hole; another droops languidly from some point above the elbow; a third, boasting no independent existence, forms part and parcel of the corsage, of which, indeed, it is merely an extension in one particular direction.



The sleeve that pursues the even tenor of its way.



Boots lacing at the back make a pleasing variation in the coquette's foot-wear.



A headdress of velvet round beads and flowers to match the girdle is well suited to this dainty little lady.



The sleeveless waistcoat can be worn with any frock, and is an admirable ally which every woman should enlist on her side.

The General Purposes Waistcoat.

A waistcoat here, a collar there, a spray of flowers, some tulle and a tassel (we call it a ruffle for courtesy)—these are some of the trifles by the help of which the clever woman, even in these economical days, contrives to lend to her attenuated war-time wardrobe something of the diversity which characterised it in happier days. Dolores has sketched one or two of these guerilla aids to the regular forces of fashion on this page. Of these not the least attractive is the sleeveless waistcoat. Its pointed ends recall the peaked bodices of the 'fifties, and the tassels may be black or coloured, according to the taste of the owner. It can be worn with any frock: to the time-expired corsage it lends new life; by its help the simple blouse-and-skirt costume can be transformed into an afternoon toilette. Its large buttons are a feature. Sometimes they are plain; sometimes—and more often—they are decorated with paintings of birds and beasts. The waistcoat, in short, is an admirable ally which every woman should enlist on her side.



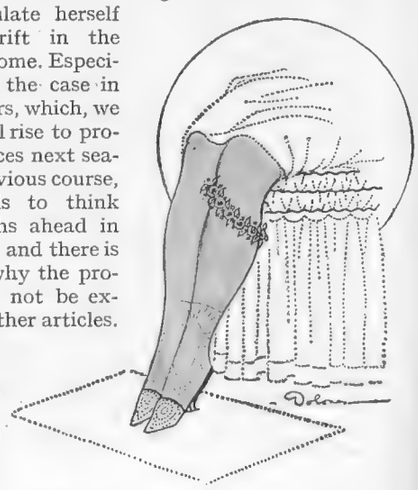
The sleeve that flares into many puffs at the elbow.

Flower Fancies.

Flowers, too, deserve more than a passing notice. Tight bouquets and posies have given way to trailing sprays and festoons. Not infrequently the sheath-like drapery, generally of a contrasting shade, which in many gowns encircles the figure from bust to hips, is plentifully sprinkled with flowers; and the coiffure, the waistband, the sleeve, and the garter have all succumbed to a flowery passion.

The Winter Sales.

One or two houses took the almost unprecedented course of holding a sale before Christmas, thereby earning the gratitude of those women upon whom a brief respite from war work laid the necessity of augmenting their wardrobes. This year the sales are even more important than usual, and the woman who exercises foresight will have occasion to congratulate herself on her thrift in the months to come. Especially is this the case in regard to furs, which, we are told, will rise to prohibitive prices next season. The obvious course, therefore, is to think some months ahead in this matter, and there is no reason why the process should not be extended to other articles. In regard to the accessories above described, the winter sale is the ingenious woman's opportunity.



The passion for flowers is carried out even in the garter.

SPOKEN WITH BAITED BREATH!



THE ELDERLY LADY *(improving the shining hour with Biblical discourse)*: And what passage in the New Testament do you like best?

THE VICTIM: Oh, that part where someone loafs and fishes.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE TIGER.

By STEPHEN BLACK.

KOOSIE VAN RENEN, aged nine, sat in the sun playing with an ancient muzzle-loader which had descended to his father from the *voortrekkers* (Boer pioneers). Every now and then, with an effort, he got the heavy weapon to his shoulder and stuck it out horizontally for a second. And as he menaced the open *veld*, Andries, his father, smiled gently through the patriarchal beard of a Boer. But Koosie was very much in earnest, and vehemently cried, "I want to shoot the tiger—I want to shoot the tiger."

Ah . . . that tiger.

If only they could tempt him to eat the forequarter of a sheep salted with strychnine! But, cunning brute, he never touched dead meat. No; he came at his own time, and killed in his own cruel, extravagant manner what he wanted, and anything else that got in his way. Two nights ago he had come down from his lair in the Ysterberg and killed four ewes, the biggest ram in the flock, and three fat lambs. Strange how he came and went, this leopard (called by the Boers a "tiger"), never twice in succession to the same place, visiting first one farm and then another. The farmers around the Ysterberg heard the barking and yelping of their dogs and the plaintive bleating of lambs; then they found torn sheep scattered around, and, when daylight came, sometimes the *spoor* (trail) of the spotted beast leading out into the *veld* towards the mountain.

Andries, meditating in the warm sun of early summer, smoked and sighed. Strange . . . strange. Other tigers had been caught, but this one. . . . The thoughts of the Boer tailed off hollow and incomplete, as though swallowed up by the immensity of the great grey *veld* throbbing around him with lifeless warmth. Miles away to the west, where a mirage danced, there rose a little puff of dust. Koosie, pointing the old rifle at it, said, "There 's a horse." Then he laid the rusty weapon on the edge of the *stoep* (open verandah of the Boers) and went indoors to tell his mother.

Andries kept staring at the dust, and presently saw that the boy was right. Ah, Koosie had sharp eyes; some day he would be a great hunter. Already he knew how to handle a Mauser, and his imagination had been fired by tales of the *jagt* (chase), and by epic stories of battles which his grandfather had fought against the Zulus And then, years after, came the Great War, fresh in the minds of all the family. Three sons fell at Modder River, and Antchie, the only girl, died in a concentration camp. Watching and waiting, the Boer fondled the yellow hair of his remaining child.

Fifteen minutes afterwards, the horse that Koosie had seen on the horizon cantered up to the farm. It was ridden by Jan de Villiers, a young farmer from beyond the mount in. He jumped off, and, hurriedly saying "*Daag, Oom*" (good-day, uncle), told Andries that Bushman, the shepherd, had that morning seen the tiger enter a *kloof* (cleft or chasm) on the mountain, and sent another Hottentot in with the news. Jan de Villiers was riding round, he said, to collect the farmers for a big hunt next morning at sunrise, when the tiger would be smoked out and shot.

Vrouw van Renen brought coffee, which Jan gulped down without ceremony. No, no, he could not stay; there were more farms to reach before dusk . . . they would understand . . . the tiger . . . no time must be lost. Andries promised gladly to ride to the meeting-place, and, soon after Jan de Villiers had ridden away, sent a boy to bring in the *schimmel* (grey horse) from the *veld*. While this was being done, Andries talked animatedly of the good news, Koosie silently revelling in his father's anticipations of the coming hunt. To these he listened with faint wonder, but not an atom of fear. Once he looked up and said eagerly, "Father, I want to go with you to kill the tiger."

But again the Boer smiled gently through his bushy beard, and, as he patted Koosie's head in kindly reprobation, murmured, "Too young—too young; only nine years old." "I have a gun, father," persisted Koosie, and he stamped the rusty *roer* (musket) on the caked floor of the *stoep*. It was nothing to him that this cumbersome tube of half-decayed iron had been out of use since the days of Dingaan, for, unknown to his father, Koosie had learned to load it with black powder taken from a shot-cartridge. But the answer was, "*Nay, nay;* stay at home with your mother." And Andries rode away to the Ysterberg leaving behind him an obedient wife and a nine-year-old son in silent revolt.

Mounted on his *schimmel*, the Boer cantered into the drooping sun with all the dignity of calm and comfort. Upon his back every now and then the bright Mauser barrel gleamed, and each glint threw back a ray to remind Koosie of his insignificance in the world. At length the child went into the house. How cool it was there under the thick bamboo rafters. How domestic and unheroic the half-earthy, half-animal smell of the dung floor. Upon the walls hung a few of those highly coloured exaggerations printed in Holland and Germany for sale on the *veld*. One occupied the space of honour in the *voorkamer* (front room); its inscription told in several languages that the *voortrekkers* were defeating the Zulus of Dingaan.

It was toned down by age and flies, this bright flame of colour, for Andries' father had bought it many years ago in the Transvaal; but the stiff-legged, fierce-looking men, the wonderful children, and the Amazonian women, firing and loading rifles in a frenzy found only in oleographs, seemed all very real and very great to Koosie. If these children could fire at the Zulus, why should he be too young for a tiger hunt? And if the Boer women could fight as they were doing in the picture, surely his mother did not need him on the farm. Koosie went back to the old rifle on the *stoep*.

The sun, setting as it sets night after night on the high *veld* of Cape Colony, was now steeping the horizon in violet. Over the Ysterberg it sank from sight, and the great mountain stood up like a giant sentry guarding the tiger hidden in its breast. The night fell swiftly, and over the earth settled that mysterious atmosphere which is not alone silence, but the capacity for refining and separating the faintest sounds. Koosie sat on the *stoep*, doggedly rubbing the old *roer* with an oiled rag and some fine sand. And he pulled a white cloth through the barrel until it came out a reddish brown. Then his mother called him inside, for it was dark.

While they were at the evening meal, the Hottentot, Faanie, arrived with the news that he had just seen the fresh *spoor* of a tiger on the farm. "But, thick-head, how can that be? The tiger is in a *kloof* over on Ysterberg." And Vrouw van Renen drove the boy away with the scorn of her words. But Faanie, the Hottentot, knew the difference between a *spoor* of yesterday and one of to-day, and in the dim light of the kitchen after supper he retold his story to Koosie.

That night the child, whose own bed was in the corner, was made to sleep with his mother. It was the climax of his humiliation.

. . . . . .

In the morning, long before sunrise, he crept out alone, dressed, and went to the old *roer*. Faanie had shown him how to run the powder in, and then to ram paper down before finally dropping in a handful of big buckshot called *loopers* ("goers"). For once when Andries was away the Hottentot had yielded to temptation, taken the old rifle, and gone out shooting rock-rabbits in the *kloof* with Koosie. Now it was easy for the boy to load and prime the muzzle-loader. Nobody was in the kitchen but the Hottentot girl, Grietje, and she, looking up from the coffee, showed little surprise at seeing Koosie. After all, he was the little master, and it was none of her business if he wished to go out with a gun. Mechanically she gave him his early coffee, then turning to take some inside for Vrouw van

[Continued overleaf.

A COMING OFFENSIVE.



The Snowed-Up Pug: All right, Kaiser Bill; you wait till the Spring!

Drawn by Harry Kountree.

Renen. And Koosie, with the old *roer* slung across his shoulder, went off into the *veld*.

As he rounded the stone wall of the orchard the sun rose over the distant hills and tipped the Ysterberg with splashes of gold. Ah . . . sunrise. His father would now be at the *kloof* where the tiger lay. Koosie wondered how long it would take to smoke out the cunning brute, and who would get the spotted skin. If his father had taken him, perhaps . . . why not? There were many Boer boys of nine who had shot tigers. How unkind not to take him. But what of the *spoor* that Faanie had seen last evening? Perhaps there were two tigers. All the wild animals he knew went in pairs—for every *mannetje* (male) there was a *wijfje* (female).

Koosie trudged across the *veld*, upon which the dew now sparkled like diamonds; and in the sweet, fresh air of the morning a vague desire awoke and urged him on, on—where he did not know—just as it had urged generations of his forefathers on into the darkness of Africa. Partridges screamed from the bushes around; a *khoraan* (bustard) rose laboriously and straight into the air, flew a little ponderous distance, and when it again alighted raced between the scanty shrubs in an agony of needless fear. Every now and then a hare started up from some plant that seemed too small to hide a lizard, and once a *duikerbok* (literally, "diver-buck") dashed madly away, with its hair-protected hindquarters an easy target for fifty yards. But the old rifle was pressed deep into the boy's shoulder, and he went on without noticing the awakening life around him. Far out in the *veld* beyond the farmhouse Koosie saw the Hottentot lazily following the sheep, they in turn imitating the pace of a gaunt and fabulous goat whose size exceeded that of a donkey. The sight of that weak, undecided flock caused the vagueness of the boy's desires to resume a definite shape. The tiger! How small the flock had become of late. At that distance it looked just a white undulating patch, for the sheep huddled pathetically together behind the gaunt goat as though the attacks of the leopard had taught them to rely more than ever on this useless leader of their destinies.

Once more Koosie pressed on, ambition joining the vague desires of his little soul, in which burned the spirit of the *voortrekkers*. The sun was now well above the horizon, and a little curl of whitish-blue rose faintly from the slopes of the Ysterberg. It was the smoke of the great fire lighted at the mouth of the *kloof* where the tiger lay. Koosie walked, without any fixed intention, straight towards it. . . . They might take all day to get the tiger out. And it was not a day's walk from van Renen's farm.

. . . . . .

As he marched with tired feet towards the distant smoke Koosie saw a piece of white wool clinging to the thorns of a mimosa bush which grew beside the track. Below was a *donga* (dry cut in the earth), and when the bush was pressed back the path could be seen winding down into distant obscurity. An overpowering desire to penetrate this dark spot took hold of the boy. He had been there twice before with Faanie, the shepherd, and he knew that a clearing, almost a cave, lay below. So he brought the old gun round in front of him, that it might be carried without catching on the twigs, and plunged fearlessly into the bushes. Twenty yards down he again saw a piece of wool. And now it was stained with blood, although no flesh had been torn away from the sheep.

Down the dark path went the boy. He held the rifle of his ancestors straight out before him, and the trigger was cocked, in spite of the thorns and bushes that might catch it. "I want to kill the tiger—I want to kill the tiger." This phrase formed and re-formed itself on his lips; father and mother were forgotten, and danger was something too weak and indefinite to be considered.

The tiger. . . .

Two bright yellow eyes gleamed in the darkness of the bushy cave. Stretched across the mangled carcase of a dead sheep, the tiger slowly beat its tail to and fro like a great spotted cat. Blood dripped from the cruel, snarling lips, and the beast growled, intensely ferocious, as it gathered itself to spring. Koosie, calm as the sky above him, lifted the old rifle and pressed it into his shoulder. And the spotted body at that moment uncoiled like a steel spring and flashed through the air. A sheet of flame spurted from the *roer*, the big charge of shot burning a hole deep into the body of the tiger. . . . And the claws reached the boy's brown throat.

Snarling, choking growls from the dying leopard. Koosie lay still as death under the warm, bleeding body. The sun rose high in the heavens and crept through the bush into the little clearing. It burned into the eyes of the child, but he never moved.

And thus it was that Andries found him late that afternoon . . . dead.



THE GERMAN GENERAL *(to the British prisoner)*: Ach! And so you coward English fear when you are very near to our brave troops?

THE PRISONER: Rather; not 'alf we don't. W'y, it fair puts us off our grub the noise your chaps makes eatin'.

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Things New: At the Theatres.

THIS year's Drury Lane pantomime, "Puss in Boots," lives well up to the reputation of the theatre both in its humours and the beauty and striking splendour of its spectacular effects. The ballet of the butterflies in the fairy garden is as wonderful in its colour-schemes as anything that has ever been done, and in the last scene the device of a great staircase is used for the manœuvring of masses of black and white with great effect. The "principal boy" is again played by a man—this time Mr. Eric Marshall, who has a good presence and a pleasant voice; and Miss Florence Smithson is back again in her place as the heroine, and a very dainty heroine she is. Miss Renée Mayer, as Puss, watches over the two of them, and defends them from the great magician who holds the papers which disclose Mr. Marshall's identity as a Marquess while he is thought to be a miller's son; and Miss Nancy Buckland sings and dances merrily as a little lady who is necessary for pantomime, but does not fit into any particular place in the story. But, of course, the most important person of all is Mr. Graves, a Duchess this time, and as full as ever of quaint elderly and sporting fancies—always funny, always in the highest spirits, and always wonderful, though, perhaps, not quite so wonderful as he was last year. He has Mr. Will Evans to help him, and they have many happy moments, both together and alone. A picnic, a brush with the servants, a motor-car which runs by itself, a conjuring entertainment, a hunt breakfast, a harp which will not stand still—all these things are turned to great account, and it would be mere folly to attempt to set down in cold print the things they do and say. They are, between them, some two-thirds of any Drury Lane pantomime, and, as they seem always in the humour, everything goes marvellously well. Then there is Mr. Stanley Lupino again, with his cheerful tumbling and his squeaky voice; and a strange exhibition of bicycles of all shapes by Ritchie's Reckless Rough Riders. An excellent pantomime, very merry and very beautiful to see.

At the Aldwych Theatre there are "The Babes in the Wood," and in Miss Audry Hughes and Miss Lennie Deane two babes as charming as there ever have been. An excellent Robin Hood, too, is Miss Cressie Lennard; and as Maid Marian Miss Edyth Drayson sings sweetly and with an engaging freshness, and keeps the vulgarities of old-fashioned pantomime at a very long arm's length. The beauty of the fairy ballets and the fairy dancing, organised and led by Miss Euphan McLaren, and the mysteries of Wyotti's wonderful toys, will appeal irresistibly to the young; but best of all are the antics of the Brothers Griffiths, who are the robbers, and do a really comic fight together, and are the inventors of a horse and lion which are the most entertaining animals that pantomime has ever known. Theirs is a performance which is far more funny than words can tell, and they would redeem by their presence even the very worst of pantomimes; but "The Babes in the Wood" is a very good pantomime, and so requires no redeeming.

At the Palladium, too, for the second time there is pantomime and not revue, though it is not quite certain where the line between the two forms of entertainment is to be drawn. "Cinderella" is the subject, and the story is simply and prettily told, with a very dainty little representative of Cinderella in Miss Daisy Burrell, and in Miss Nora Delany one of the most attractive of Princes, whose songs are one of the features of the entertainment. There is a charming children's ballet with a rollicking song, all very similar to, if not identical with, the ballet which there was last year, and none the worse for that, for it deserved an encore; and the humourists are led by Mr. Harry Weldon, that irresistibly funny gentleman from Yorkshire (or is it Lancashire?) who is a tower of strength to any entertainment, whether at Christmas or any other period of the year. He has with him Mr. Bert Errol and Mr. Ivan Berlyn as the two sisters, and they are funny without overdoing their parts (the singing of the "Jewel Song" may be specially commended); and, altogether, the Palladium in the afternoons is as good a place as any in which to spend a pleasant holiday.

The new Hippodrome revue, "Joyland," is very characteristic of the Hippodrome. It is very large and bangs very loud. It is gorgeous beyond belief, and lavish in patriotic flags. There is to be seen a Union Jack which takes the whole of the audience under its wing. Miss Shirley Kellogg walks up and down the centre gangway distributing flowers to the stalls; while the Beauty Chorus, when not perched up in strange positions on the stage, spreads itself around and produces an atmosphere of rakish jollity. There is an Atlantic liner almost as large as life, and it moves—though why it is there it is not very easy to understand, unless it be to give Mr. Harry Tate an opportunity of being a seasick passenger. He is many other things as well, and always very genial in his solemn way, particularly when he stands in the audience and criticises what is happening upon the stage. Very effective as pictures are Clownland and Tulip-land, with Miss Shirley Kellogg prominent in both; and, in quieter mood, Charles De Haven and Vera Nice dance with grace. If you are skilful at catching things or expert at crawling under chairs, there is no limit to the presents thrown from the stage which you can bring home; and, after it, all our soldiers can go back refreshed to the comparative calm and repose of an artillery bombardment in France. This is the way of the Hippodrome, and they know how to do it there in style.

It seems a little out of place to be talking about Shakespeare and Molière in the midst of all this blaze of colour and noise; but Miss Horniman's company has come with both to the Duke of York's, and the fact should not be forgotten. "The Comedy of Errors," an early and interesting specimen of the farce of mistaken identity, is seldom played, perhaps because it is not deemed likely to be suited to modern tastes; but it is surprising how naturally and easily and with what humour this very clever group of players rattles through it, and what life they manage to put into its simple old bones. Mr. Grendon Bentley and Mr. Herbert Lomas play the Antipholus twins and Mr. Cecil Calvert and Mr. Charles Groves the Dromio twins with vigour and real humour; and the two ladies are quite admirably acted by Miss Edyth Goodall and Miss Christie Laws. The Molière which follows is the translation—or rather, adaptation—of "Les Femmes Savantes" called "The Blue Stockings" which was seen one afternoon some time ago, and made an excellent impression as an able and fluent performance of a difficult task, for to keep up three acts of rhymed couplets is no easy matter, and "Mesley Down" and "Henry Seton" are to be congratulated on the result. Miss Edyth Goodall plays with brilliant humour as Armande, and Miss Christie Laws is a very charming Henriette. The part of Philaminte is cleverly acted by Miss Vera Beringer (who is "Henry Seton," one of the translators); and good work is done by Mr. Leon Quartermaine as the poet and Mr. Grendon Bentley as the man of the world.

The pantomime at the Lyceum is, as befits the house, of a broader type than is to be found elsewhere in the centre of London. Knockabout comedians such as Ferguson and Mack are of the life of it, and they represent music-hall land and pantomime of the old days before people began talking of refinement in this class of entertainment. It is needless to say that they are immensely popular, for we cannot all be lofty souls, and vigour and robustness are the aim and end of everybody. There is plenty of spirit about it all, and the ballets are elaborate and gorgeous, there being a procession of the Allies at the end which should stir any heart; and the storm which wrecks Crusoe's ship is a great affair. Miss Nan C. Hearne is a splendid Crusoe, and her rendering of the popular song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning," is a thing which should not be missed. Miss Doris Lee sings nicely; and the humours of the piece are kept going by Mr. Fred Wolgast, in addition to the Macs already mentioned.

Miss Jean Stirling Mackinlay's matinées for children at the Margaret Morris Theatre in Chelsea must have been giving great delight to those for whom they are intended, and also to many of maturer age. The little play "Snow White and Rose Red" is a familiar story, and prettily played by small girls and boys, with Mrs. Hugh Rivière to mother them; and there were many of the charming songs which Miss Mackinlay can sing so well, her repertory on this occasion being specially adapted to her audience, who followed it with obvious delight. A happier and more innocent Christmas entertainment could not very well be devised.

"The Starlight Express" is a little flight of fancy at the Kingsway Theatre by Mr. Algernon Blackwood and Miss Violet Pearn. A moral tale it is of the way to be happy by getting outside yourself and thinking of others; of little children who gather star-dust in the wood and sprinkle it on their elders, who forthwith see life through cheerful spectacles; of sprites who are the dustman and the chimney-sweep and the organ-grinder, and go prancing out with hands full of starlight for the brightening of the world. It has good ideas and touches of poetry in it, but for the most part is a little obvious and heavy, and is hardly acted with the light touch it requires. But it has music by Sir Edward Elgar which is full of charm and life and meaning, and really touches the realm of fairyland; and it has in Mr. Charles Mott the voice to sing it. So in the music you may find the delight which the little play just fails to produce.

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If you suffer from Asthma, Catarrh, Ordinary Colds, you will find nothing to equal HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
At all chemists 4/3 a tin.



"I KNOW

EVER since we commenced to tell the public of our Whiskies we have made a point of always giving some sound reasons for the superiority of our Brands. We have explained time after time how it is we can produce Scotch Whiskies which cannot be surpassed for mellowness, distinctive flavour or purity. We have given hard facts, and we have urged a comparison between our products and those of any firm in the Kingdom. In consequence, the man who now drinks our Whiskies *knows why* they are of such fine quality, and he *knows*, too, what makes them so. Every announcement by the House of Stewart contains information which will help you to choose *your* Whisky as a connoisseur would choose *his*. It will tell you of the methods that have been adopted for 136 years, and which have been proved, by test, to be conducive to the very finest results."

Three Brands of different Ages:

"GOLD MEDAL" is a fully matured Whisky of good character, smooth and mellow, over 7 years old. **4/3** per bottle. **51/-** per case.

"FINEST" is for those who prefer very old-matured Whisky, over 10 years old. **4/9** per bottle. **57/-** per case.

"NONPAREIL" is the most excellent 15 year-old Scotch liqueur Whisky obtainable. **5/6** per bottle. **66/-** per case.

J. & G. Stewart, Ltd.

Anderson Place, Bonnington, Edinburgh; Temple Bar House, 23/28, Fleet Street, London; *and at Manchester.*



is the only true test of Tyre Efficiency.

WOOD-MILNES are *built* for high mileage. Everything that skill can provide and experience suggest is embodied in them—and we guarantee their good behaviour. It is easy to *say* that a tyre is good, but we can back ours up by a guarantee against *all risks*, except fire.

One of our tyres ran over 26,000 miles on a London taxi-cab, whilst another did over 20,000 miles on a large private car, mostly on the back wheel.

FOR WINTER DRIVING use Steel-Studded Wood-Milnes fitted diagonally with our "Special" All-rubber Non-Skid Tyres.

Wood-Milne

Steel-studded and All-Rubber N.S. **MOTOR TYRES** Guaranteed 3,500 Miles.

Square Tread Guaranteed 3,000 Miles.

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AQUASCUTUM REGD. TRENCH COAT

THE MOST PERFECT MILITARY WATERPROOF PRODUCED.

Lined Wool, Detachable Fleece Fur, or Leather. Absolutely proof against Rain and Cold Winds.



Somewhere in Flanders.

September 15, 1915.

"The weather out here has been pretty good since I came out, with the exception of last week, when it rained very heavily for three days, and I can tell you it made no mistake about it. The trenches were very soon over the boot-top in mud and water. However, with the aid of a pair of good rubber-top boots and my 'Aquascutum,' I was able to keep perfectly dry. I cannot speak too highly of my 'Aquascutum,' as it has had many very severe tests and has always proved to be *absolutely* waterproof."

—Extract from Officer's Letter.

AQUASCUTUM, Ltd., *By appointment to His Majesty the King.*

Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.

100, Regent Street, LONDON, W.

BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKIES



THE SPIRIT OF THE EMPIRE!

"BLACK & WHITE"
AND "RED SEAL"

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKIES ARE WELL-MATURED AND PERFECTLY BLENDED. THEIR LARGE STOCKS IN SCOTLAND ENSURE AN UNFAILING SUPPLY OF THE SAME FAULTLESS QUALITY.

WOMAN'S WAYS

Where are the Toys of Yesteryear?

It is a singular thing that in the midst of this World War one of our chief preoccupations is the question of toys—or rather, the future of toys. The reason is, of course, that playthings are sempiternal, whereas wars, happily, are not. You will notice, at any London dinner-table, that the great Toy Topic is bound to turn up and receive the most exhaustive attention. Where are the puppets and playthings of to-morrow to come from? Shall Italian industries be exploited, will French energy suffice, or is England to become the great manufacturer of playthings? Many of us have a sneaking fondness for the garish Russian things made by peasants, the wooden dolls with stolid faces which contain a round dozen smaller dolls, growing smaller and smaller until they are of fantastic dimensions. Never again will the children of the Allied Powers be presented with toys made by Boches, though probably some Nüremberg playthings will be given a Swiss trade-mark and be exported through Switzerland. The Germans are adepts at this kind of chicanery. I make no doubt that the American toy-ship of 1914, loaded with toys for all the belligerents—except the Russians—was the result of dumping the German toy output into the United States on the outbreak of war, and then inducing that sentimental race to buy the lot and send it back to Germany and other countries. It would have been a neat idea, and was probably carried out by hyphenated Americans posing as Santa Claus.



LIEUTENANT P. C. TIDY, AND MISS STUART STRATHY, OF TORONTO, CANADA, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Lieutenant P. C. Tidy is an officer of the 35th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force. Miss Mary Elizabeth Stuart Strathy is the daughter of Mr. Stuart Strathy, of Toronto, Superior for Ontario of the Royal Bank of Canada.—[*Photograph by Weston.*]

Tommy Enjoys Himself.

The spectacle of Drury Lane Theatre on Friday, Dec. 24, was a moving and unique one. The multitude of sick and wounded soldiers from our various "fronts," dressed in their bright blue suits, formed one of the cheeriest audiences for the grand dress rehearsal of the Christmas pantomime which could be collected in all London. Not a "point" escaped them, and it was obvious that they found George Graves, personating the Venetian courtesan in the 'Tales of Hoffmann," as deliciously funny as did any confirmed opera-goer. A cat, to be sure—as deity of the hearth—is always a popular animal in pantomime, but some of us would have liked the Boots of Puss to have been of a fiercer and more obtrusive aspect. The staging of "Puss in Boots" is wonderful. There is a tropical scene of waving trees and moving boughs which is curiously alluring; while the transformation scene begins like a Conder fan and ends very like a Monticelli. Tommy, like everyone else, was pleased with the dance of white and black cloaks up a wide black staircase. But Tommy himself, with his heroic crutches and bandages, was as great an interest to the "stalls" as the pantomime itself. Upstairs, where tea was served to them, there was far less crushing and pushing than at an afternoon party in Mayfair. Many, indeed, were going without tea from good manners, and it was in this crisis that the "stalls" were privileged to help.



ANOTHER M.P. WHO HAS GIVEN UP HIS SALARY: COMMANDER HAMILTON BENN, M.P.

Commander Ion Hamilton Benn has sat in Parliament as Unionist M.P. for Greenwich since 1910. He is a Commander in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and also holds rank as the Hon. Colonel of the 20th Battalion (Blackheath and Woolwich) of the London Regiment (Territorials).

Photograph by Swaine.

The Revival of 1845.

There is no doubt that hoops are in high favour—at any rate, on the stage, where they always have a spurious kind of attraction, as tending to make girls into a kind of super-feminine being more alluringly womanish than the somewhat matter-of-fact young persons with a decided taste for machinery whom we see in everyday life. Nevertheless, the crinoline is not going to be the fashion. There is no room for wires and flounces on the driver's seat of a motor, behind a soldiers' buffet, or in offices and committee rooms, so that the flowing petticoats and the "pantalettes" of 1845—which always remind me of the sad heroine of Flaubert's "Education Sentimentale"—will be exploited only in theatreland, and kept there.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Belgian Art in Exile" is the title of a very attractive album of reproductions, mostly in colour, of paintings by exiled Belgian artists, with photographs of works by Belgian sculptors, which has been issued in aid of the Belgian Red Cross and other Belgian charitable institutions. The colour-plates, which are beautifully reproduced, show the high quality and great versatility of modern Belgian art. Particularly notable is a picture of a Moorish cavalry charge, by Alfred Bastien, who since he came to this country has done some fine work for the *Illustrated London News*. Among many other well-known Belgian artists represented are Albert Baertsoen, Jean Delville, Emile Claus, Herman Richir, Comte Jacques de Lalaing, and Paul Dubois. A fine painting by Frank Brangwyn—"Mater Dolorosa Belgica"—forms a pictorial "introduction," as the frontispiece. Maeterlinck contributes a eulogy of King Albert, and there are poems by Emile Verhaeren, Marcel Wyseur, and Jean Delville, who also writes an introduction. The volume is published by "Colour" (25, Victoria Street, S.W.), at 5s. and (in cloth) 7s. 6d., with a limited *édition de luxe* at £1. Both for itself and the cause it should command a wide sale.



SUCCEEDED TO THE TITLE THROUGH THE WAR: LORD BUCKHURST, AS A CHILD, NOW EARL DE LA WARR.

The ninth Earl De La Warr, hitherto known as Lord Buckhurst, who has just succeeded to the title by the death of his father, at Messina, from illness contracted while on active service as a Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, is now in his sixteenth year.

Photograph by Swaine.

It is essentially Woman's day, thanks largely to the war, but also to the general advance of women in the arts and other avocations and pursuits, and never were two well-known reference-books so useful to the world of women as are "The Englishwoman's Year-Book" (2s. 6d.) and "The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book" (1s.) for 1916, published by Messrs. Adam and Charles Black. To say that they are comprehensive and valuable to everyone interested in the many fields of women's ever-growing activity is a truism. Whether it be in art or literature, music or medicine, philanthropic effort, educational establishments, journals or magazines, the information given in these two volumes is invaluable, although the books are so surprisingly cheap. The scope of the works grows wider each year.

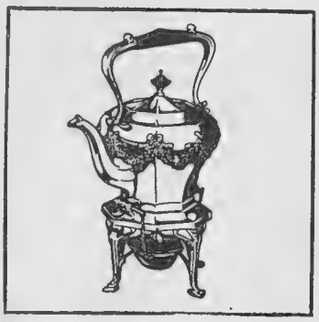


MISS ANNING, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN W. M. HORE, OF THE WELSH REGIMENT, WAS FIXED FOR DEC. 31, AT LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL.

Miss Lucy Mabel Anning is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Anning, Pencisely House, Llandaff, South Wales. Captain Walter Mark Hore is the only son of the late Captain Hore, J.P., Upton, Co. Carlow, and Mrs. Hore, Cleddan, Haverfordwest.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]

SPECIMEN BARGAINS
IN WARING & GILLOW'S
WINTER SALE
Now Proceeding

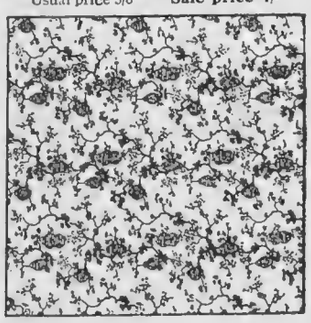
THIS SALE is an opportunity to acquire articles of unmistakable style and quality at extraordinarily low prices. Indeed, the prices are so low as to occasion a feeling of pleasant surprise even to the most hardened bargain-hunter. Visit our Galleries and you will realise how easy this Annual Sale makes the buying of artistic things. Every article is genuinely reduced and is part of our usual stock.



Solid Silver Kettle and Stand. Weight 36½ oz.
Usual price ... £16 16 0
Sale price ... £8 0 0



Cedar Mop, two sizes, can be used at any angle. British made throughout.
Usual price 3/11 **Sale price 3/-**
Usual price 5/6 **Sale price 4/-**



2,500 yards 50-in. Casement Cloth, Chinese and Persian designs on fine mercerised Egyptian cotton.
Usual price 2/3 **Sale price 1/3½ per yard**

THE WINTER SALE
now proceeding

SPECIMEN BARGAINS IN THE SECOND-HAND DEPT.

A walnut William and Mary design China Cabinet.
Usual price £13 10 0 **Sale price £7 10 0**

A handsomely-carved mahogany Dwarf Cabinet, with gilt enrichments.
Usual price £24 10 0 **Sale price £19 10 0**

A richly-carved 2-back Chippendale design Settee on claw and ball legs. Seat upholstered in green silk.
Usual price £17 10 0 **Sale price £14 5 0**

A well-made mahogany Sideboard inlaid with satinwood, 6 ft. 10 in. long, fitted with sliding trays, cellarette, three drawers and cupboard.
Usual price £42 10 0 **Sale price £29 10 0**

A set of 6 mahogany and inlaid shield-back Chairs. Seats upholstered in tapestry.
Usual price £9 10 0 **Sale price £8 0 0**

A 4 ft. walnut Bedroom Suite, comprising wardrobe fitted with drawers and mirror-door, dressing table and washstand, 3 chairs, bedside cupboard and towel airer.
Usual price £10 10 0 **Sale price £7 18 6**

A Lounge Easy Chair upholstered in figured tapestry.
Usual price £4 18 6 **Sale price £3 3 0**

A 3 ft. 9 in. white enamelled Bedroom Suite, comprising wardrobe with mirror, dressing chest, washstand and 2 chairs.
Usual price £12 12 0 **Sale price £10 15 0**

SPECIMEN BARGAINS IN THE FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Morocco Combination Cigar and Cigarette Case, with stamp and card pockets.
Usual price 10/6 **Sale price 6/6**

Handsome ostrich feather Fan of fancy mother-o'-pearl sticks.
Usual price £5 10 0 **Sale price £2 2 0**

A few odd pairs of (fancy enamel) Opera Glasses.
Usual price £1 19 0 **Sale price 10/6**

Also a few pairs Opera Lorgnette. Greatly reduced.

Gent's solid leather Dressing Roll, fitted ebony hair brush, shaving tackle, etc.
Usual price £1 5 0 **Sale price 14/6**

Moiré silk Hand Bag, centre pocket.
Usual price 10/6 **Sale price 8/0**

Library Basket, leather cover and lining, fitted stationery, loose blotting pad, pen, pencil, etc.
Usual price 18/6 **Sale price 12/-**

Combination Writing, Work, Attaché Case, fitted with scissors, needles, stationery, etc.
Usual price £1 10 0 **Sale price 15/-**

SPECIMEN BARGAINS IN PICTURES.

Original Water-colour Drawings by eminent artists.
Usual price £8 8 0 **Sale price £6 6 0**

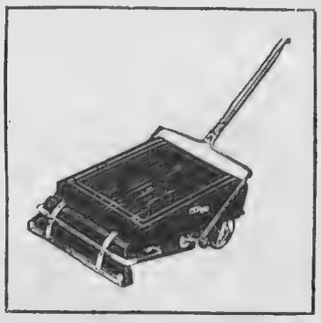
A great variety of Oil Paintings, modern school, considerably reduced. Oval prints in gold and gilt frames.
Usual price from 7/6
Reduced to from 5/6

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Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
BOLD STREET, LIVERPOOL. DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.



Adjustable-back Chairs,
Usual price £1 10 0 **Now £1 4 6**



Vacuum Cleaner fitted with brush, complete.
Usual price £2 2 0 **Sale price £1 5 0**



2,500 31 in. heavy quality Cretonne Chinese design in various colours.
Usual price 1/3½ **Sale price 4½d. per yard**

THE WINTER SALE
now proceeding

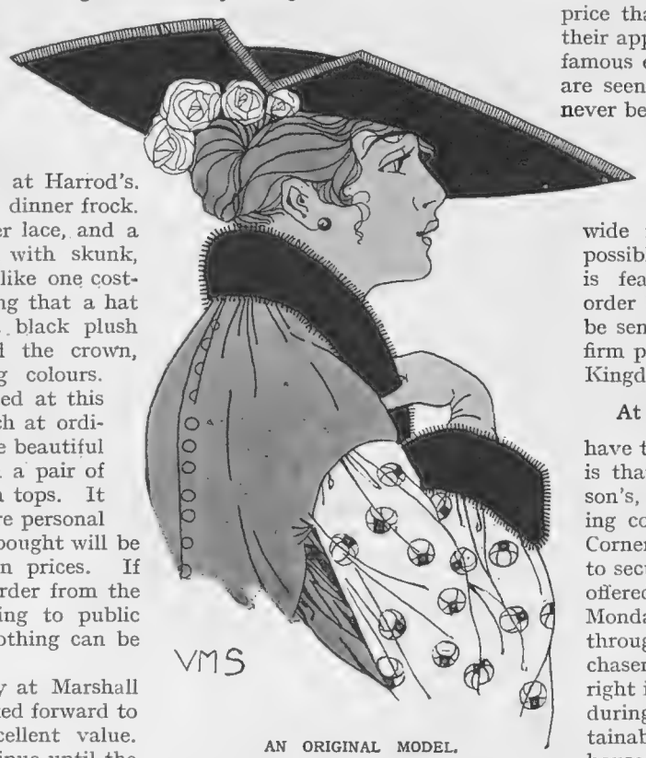
THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

A New Year's Chance

Which in these days of compulsory economy is by no means to be neglected is Harrod's one-week sale, which begins on the 10th inst. By those who know domestic economy inside and out it is regarded as the very best way of saving without self-sacrifice, because, despite the substantial reductions in price, everything purchased is part of Harrod's ordinary stock, well known to be of the very best, and only that. In every department these very decided bargains will be found. Many of us have had gifts of money at Christmas and the New Year. Nowhere can these be better invested than at Harrod's. Supposing one has had a little cheque and wants a dinner frock. One in net over satin, with a bodice of net over lace, and a waistband of chiffon velvet, and the skirt edged with skunk, will be sold for 6½ guineas. It will look and wear like one costing more than double that modest sum. Supposing that a hat is wanted, an example of many for a guinea is a black plush sailor-hat with a band of fancy silk or fur round the crown, and finished with silk roses in three contrasting colours. Boys and girls going back to school can be re-fitted at this sale in the best style and best fabrics at cost which at ordinary times would not reach third best. There are beautiful boots and shoes with reductions as much as 7s. in a pair of patent vamp boots with brown or dark-blue cloth tops. It is the same everywhere; whether the purchases are personal or for the household, the very best that can be bought will be sold at Harrod's during this one week at bargain prices. If going to Harrod's is not possible, it is best to order from the catalogue, and this should be done early, as, owing to public confidence in the sale, stocks are soon gone and nothing can be repeated.

Splendid Value.

The winter sale held annually at Marshall and Snelgrove's is always looked forward to by those who know it as a chance to obtain excellent value. This year it commenced on Monday, and will continue until the 26th inst. A feature of the proceedings is the fine selection of styleful and up-to-date coats and skirts made in the firm's own work-rooms during the slack season, of beautiful materials, and now sold at prices less than would be expended elsewhere for things quite ordinary and with no *cachet* whatever. What girl would be able to resist the fascination of a beautifully cut coat and skirt in all-wool cheviot, with a skunk opossum collar, for 4½ guineas, or of an evening gown in net over taffeta, trimmed with fur, for 6½ guineas? The coats are also remarkably good investments.



AN ORIGINAL MODEL.

This long-shaped hat in black velvet forms a point in the front and at the back. The brim is bound round with black-and-white corded ribbon, and a small wreath of roses falls on the hair.



AN ORNAMENTAL "TOPPER."

Of black velvet, with a tall quill, made of the same material, rising from under a paste buckle in the front.

A very smart broadtail and pony cloth coat lined with silk and trimmed with fur can be bought for 98s. 6d. There are tea-gowns, breakfast-gowns—in fact, gowns for every occasion—and all of them just right. Sets of furs will also be found much more moderate in price than could be judged from their appearance. All through this famous establishment real bargains are seen—real because there will never be any reason to regret having secured them. Marshall and Snelgrove, for style, suitability, and all-round excellence, have a world-wide reputation. If it is not possible to visit their galleries, it is feasible and convenient to order by post. A catalogue will be sent on application, and the firm pays carriage in the United Kingdom.

At Peter's.

All favourite establishments have their pet names. The above is that for Messrs. Peter Robinson's, whose winter sale is causing congestion at Oxford Street Corner, so eager are the people to secure some of the fine value offered. The sale opened on Monday, and will continue throughout the month. All purchasers will find the bargains right in quality and in price, and during this month the values obtainable in every section of the house surpass those at any previous sale. Catalogues will be sent on application post free. The coats and skirts are especially worthy of note. Close upon two hundred of them, well cut, beautifully tailored, and of fine wool fabrics, will be sold at £3 a suit. Others, more elaborate as to trimming, will be offered at £4 a suit; while delightful afternoon dresses are equally low in price. Girls' dresses are a specialty, and are styleful and beautifully made. New full-skirted coats will be found full of attraction. One in mohair pony-skin, trimmed with a black fur collar, a band of similar fur round the hem and at the cuffs, will be sold for £3 18s. 6d. Coney-skin coats, as smart as smart can be, are in the sale at 5, 8½, and 12 guineas; and sets of furs are most attractive and handsome, while the prices are as surprisingly as delightfully low. There are charming hats at 12s.; beautiful blouses of all kinds are offered in large numbers at uniform prices; and 260 silk skirts in rich taffeta, chiffon, and satin mousseline, finished in most up-to-date style, at 16s. 9d. each, are just the things to wear with them. Everything needed for perfectly turned-out women can be had cheap at this sale, and a catalogue from either the Oxford Street or Regent Street house will be a guide to good investment.

The New Presidentress.

Will the first gentleman of America become still more gentle, now that he has taken to himself a first gentlewoman? This double dose of Presidential gentleness will make the Germans still less tolerant of peaceful quiescence; but one hopes that they will leave off metaphorically tweaking his nose while he is on his honeymoon. The Indians' present to his bride consisted of some of the finest furs they have ever trapped, for she is of descent from them. From an Indian woman to the owner of a jewellery store, and wife of a President of the United States, is a long step that has taken some centuries to bridge over!

On Duty for Show.

The ladies who work for show—there are a few, but very few, in these days who do so—are known not by their fruits, but by their times. They choose to go on duty at such hours as Royal or distinguished visitors, with Press photographers in their train, may be expected. Wise heads of war-relief work keep the placing of their helpers on duty entirely in their own hands, and deliberately thwart these "pick-timers." On the whole, women are working steadily, self-sacrificingly, and enthusiastically for pure patriotism; but there are a few, perhaps luckily, who have one eye on the attentions of the matutinal picture Press: "It 's such fun to wake up and find oneself in the paper!" Then, as an after-thought, "And such a splendid advertisement for the scheme!"



SPECIMEN BARGAINS
in
Marshall & Snelgrove's
WINTER SALE.

45 Coloured Coats and Skirts in twill coating and silk mixture materials.
Reduced from 8½ gns. to **58/6**

2-Button mocha doeskin Gloves in tan, slate, beaver and black.
3/6 per pair.

15 Only Ivory satin Shirts, tailor-cut.
Usual price 49/6. Sale price **25/9.**

Ladies' black silk Stockings, lisle feet and suspender tops. Warranted not to ladder.
Usual price 4/6. Sale price **3/11.**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
LIMITED
Oxford St., London, W.

Please write for the Book of the Bargains. Posted Free.

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For Officers and Men on Active Service

HORLICK'S RATION OF MALTED MILK TABLETS

A round, air-tight tin weighing 7 ozs. and containing 80 highly compressed tablets:—this is Horlick's 24-Hour Ration. From 10 to 20 tablets dissolved in the mouth as required supply the nourishment given by an ordinary meal, and they quickly restore energy and vitality. The contents of one tin are sufficient to maintain strength and vigour for 24 hours without any other food, and, in addition, the tablets relieve thirst. Think in how *many* ways an emergency ration such as this would be useful to *every* soldier!

Price 1/6 each,
post free to any address at the Front.

Send one to YOUR Soldier

We will send post free to ANY address at the Front a tin of these delicious and sustaining food tablets on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address, and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Slough, Bucks.



Fortify your Boots!

PHILLIPS' 'MILITARY' SOLES & HEELS

Patent. Designs regd.

¶ THIN rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear.

¶ The rubber used is six times more durable than leather.

¶ Phillips' 'Military' Soles and Heels impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, lessen fatigue, and are essential to 'marching comfort.' Feet kept dry in wet weather.

INVALUABLE to MILITARY and NAVAL OFFICERS. IDEAL for GOLF, SHOOTING and COUNTRY WEAR.

Lieut.-Colonel W. E. LLOYD, 19 (S) Bn. Manchester Regt. writes, Sept. 6, 1915:—

"Their durability is intense. . . . Undoubtedly they last several times longer than a leather sole.

"The smoothness of tread is a revelation. . . . They prevent slipping, and I cannot speak too highly of them."

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

Price **3/9** per Set (Soles and Heels for one *pair* of Boots), with slight extra charge for fixing. If any difficulty in obtaining, send outline of sole and heel pencilled on paper, with P.O. **3/9** for Sample Set to the Makers:—

PHILLIPS' PATENTS, LTD. (DEPT. G),
142-6, Old Street, London, E.C.

The **Safe and Sure** Treatment

for tired, lined eyes, imperfect contours, unhealthy complexions, double chins, &c., is the

GANESH.

The wonderful Ganesh Treatments and Preparations are genuine aids to Natural Beauty.

Red, Broken Veins, Marks on the Face, absolutely removed in a few seconds without pain and leaving no mark.

ADVICE FREE.
Write for Free Booklet.

GANESH EASTERN OIL will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and is nearer to the natural oil of the skin than any other preparation ever invented. From **5/6**

ELECTROLYSIS *permanently removes superfluous Hair. "DARA" is the reliable home treatment for Ladies who cannot call.*



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.. GANESH ..
ESTABLISHMENT

92, NEW BOND ST.
(*Oxford St. End*),
LONDON, W.
'Phone: GERRARD 3782.
PARIS and NEW YORK.

Try a

COLMAN'S MUSTARD BATH

Interesting booklet telling "why," sent post free on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., London, and Carrow Works, Norwich.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

WHEN THE FLOODS ARE OUT: INCONSIDERATE MOTORISTS: AN ICE QUESTION.

'Ware Floods! It struck me the other day that it would pay the motorist in winter to carry a yard measure, if for no other reason than that of being able to determine whether a flooded road could be tackled with safety or otherwise. The deciding factor, of course, would be the height of the magneto, and, this having been previously determined, the driver would be able to venture into the water until, if it appeared likely to be getting too deep to be pleasant, he could gauge the depth while kneeling on the footboard. In the majority of cases the eye might be a sufficient guide, but not invariably. During the recent floods I was returning to London from the west, and in the ordinary course should have driven through Shepperton; but the prospect of being stranded, on the one hand, and the reluctance to go through Brentford, on the other, led me to pass through Old Windsor and Egham. By Runnymede, however, I found two stretches of road under water, one of them for over a hundred yards; and the last-named looked, at first sight, somewhat affrighting. However, I watched it carefully as I went through, and was glad to find that the water was clean and did not show any great depth in the middle. Nevertheless, cars do get stuck at times in the Thames Valley, though sometimes unaccountably so, and I fancy that they are not always as well protected as they should be. I overtook, for example, a big limousine one day in a well-known permanent water-splash. Owing to its occupying the shallowest passage, I had to drive through a deeper part, and with some misgiving, as the big car could not move either backwards or forwards. Though my own car was somewhat lower in the chassis, I got through without difficulty, and am still wondering why the other was stuck. Presumably the driver went too fast, and splashed up water on to his terminals; but in these days of under-shields and magnetos alleged to be waterproof the trouble ought not to have occurred.



FRENCH MOTOR-AMBULANCE DRIVERS MASKED AGAINST ENEMY GAS: READY TO DRIVE INTO THE FIGHTING ZONE.

There are times, of course, when drivers of Red Cross cars have to penetrate well into the fighting zone. The French, owing to the frequent use of poisonous gases by the Germans, see to it that the drivers of their ambulances, and their attendants, are duly masked.—[*Photograph by Topical.*]

Mirrors for Drivers. The great and growing number of "heavy motors" on the road is a source of much annoyance to the drivers of private cars, inasmuch as the breadth of the former makes it impossible to pass them unless they pull well in to the left. As they are usually noisy vehicles, however, the driver plods serenely on even if a powerful electric horn is sounded continuously from the car behind; and the time has surely come when it should be made compulsory for all "heavies" to carry a mirror on the off-side. This would at least remove the customary excuse of the "didn't-know-you-were-there" order. The way would still be clear, of course, for a driver of the ill-conditioned type to keep the middle of the road out of sheer obstructiveness; and, truth to tell, I have found that a mirror on a landaulette or limousine is not always a guarantee that one may pass. In some cases it simply provides the driver with a means of keeping one back indefinitely, and he deliberately blocks the way when by all the amenities of the road he ought to turn aside.

More Judgment Needed. As the upshot of sixteen years of driving experience, I have come to the conclusion that nothing is more needed nowadays than a greater display of judgment on the part of drivers gauging the proper time for overtaking. The cardinal fact which the man in front and the man behind should equally be quick to consider is the relative engine-power of the two vehicles concerned. Nothing is more annoying on the road than to be chivied by a car of half the horse-power of your own, when its driver has only caught up because you have slowed down considerately on entering a village. If he persists in his clamour and you let him go by, you are necessarily put to the trouble of overtaking him when out again on the open road, and he has gained nothing by his bad manners. Similarly, if the driver of the front car finds that something much faster than his own car is behind, he should make no bones about drawing aside at once. Personally, I always instruct my passengers to let me know when a car is coming up, in case the wind prevents my hearing the horn, and, further, to determine, if possible, the type of the vehicle itself. If there is the slightest doubt in the matter, I give the other man the benefit thereof; but when it is a case of considerate slowing down on the one part, and attempting to seize an advantage on the other by a car which could not hold me for a minute on the open road, I object to be jockeyed and then have to pass later on. Yet this sort of thing is indulged in every day by drivers of small cars and less experience, who are overjoyed if, when entering a village, they can get by a quietly driven, big-engined car of four times the power of their own.

Tyres on Ice. Quite justifiably, the makers of the Clincher tyre call attention to the fact that a car which was recently overturned on an ice-covered road was shod, according to a photograph, on three of its wheels with steel-studded tyres, and emphasise anew the desirability of the all-rubber type of cover for icy surfaces, as well as stone setts, polished asphalt, and wood-paving even in dry weather. The "Clincher Cross" pattern of tread is more effective than metal in all these cases, and I, for one, have long since ceased to regard the steel-studded cover as indispensable, or even desirable, for all-round work.

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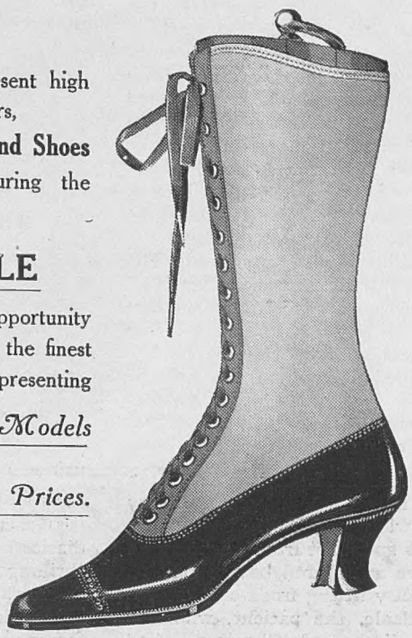
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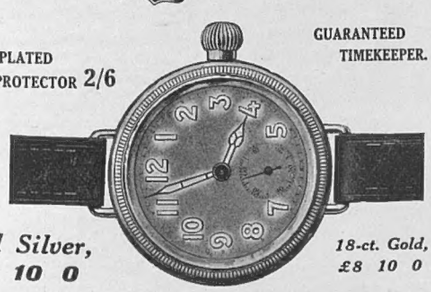
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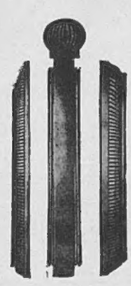
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"Demi-Royal."
BY ASHTER HILLIERS.
(*Methuen.*)

In the form of an intermittent diary, Mr. Hilliers has written a romance of the times of George IV. The first fifty pages explain that his hero was on the point of resigning his career for the Society of Friends and marriage to a Quaker. The bride-elect, who appears to have been much too good for human purposes, catches jail-fever in the course of her works of mercy, and her death leaves Squire Fanshawe free to resume his military duties again. Broken-hearted, therefore, he rode forth to mix with the great doings of his age. Napoleon was then making the world a lively place for good Europeans, and adventure was in the air for every gallant's asking. George Fanshawe, though he was scarcely a flamboyant soldier of fortune (that Quaker episode and Radical leanings dim the colour), had his full share of what was going. Up against Bernadotte in Prussia, with Wellington in Spain, and the knight-errant to a waif of battle whom he rescued and brought home and proved to be a sprig of Hanoverian royalty—daughter of Mrs. Fitzherbert, no less—there is plenty astir. If the blood be not thrilled, it may be the fault of the canny, pious style of the diarist, no doubt elaborated by Mr. Hilliers with intention. The language labours under a continual effort of the antique; but it is, on the whole, well done, though "criky" seems to strike a modern note. There naturally occurs a good deal of German. The Prussians were our brave Allies then, and a German monarch wore the crown of England. Duels on Wimbledon Common, seats at the Magpie and Stump, chops at Arthur's, and many other touches make it all in all a varied picture of that old England which was nevertheless an England just some hundred years younger than ours.

"Ten Degrees Backwards."
BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.
(*Hodder and Stoughton.*)

There is a gulf of years fixed between seventeen and forty-two, but miracles do happen, and they happen in Mrs. Fowler's story. To begin with, when the cleverest specialist from town can do no more than leave an injured boy to pass as easily as possible, a tall man in a perfectly fitting frock-coat arrives to "heal." As he prayed by the bedside, the patient, who was lying rigidly awaiting death, relaxed his limbs and fell asleep. And then arose the need of that greater miracle, the ten degrees backward movement of the shadow on the dial which should bring Sir Reginald more into line with the seventeen-year-old Fay. Sir Reginald already was beginning to emulate the gentleman in the well-cut coat, and succeeded in saving life when the village doctor had expressed himself finished. The miracle of healing may give us back our future, but can it give us back our past—even to the extent of ten degrees? Sir Reginald scarcely thought so. But Fay remarked, when at last he had proposed, "So Love has performed the miracle, after all—there is nothing between us now, Reggie, not even those tiresome ten degrees." That was the beginning of the miracle that Love attempted with less dazzling success than the professional Healer. Mrs. Fowler's story is not nearly complete with the usual marriage, and she selects quite other lines than the traditional ones upon which to continue. A genuine surprise awaits the reader who continues to the end and forbears to peep; and if the book carries the garrulous air belonging to a recent epoch rather than to the present moment (in spite of conversational references to the war), it is a story with an idea and a development.

The new edition of "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage," for 1916 (Dean and Son, Ltd.; 31s. 6d. net), will be more indispensable than ever in the present year, for never has there been a volume in which so regrettable a necessity for omissions of honoured and familiar names has arisen. Hundreds of members of the aristocracy of Great Britain have fallen in the war, and the Editor of "Debrett" has done well to include in the bulky volume a "Roll of Honour" of some eight hundred names, representing scores of famous families, members of which have fallen gloriously in the service of their King and country. It would be invidious to mention what would necessarily be but a few out of so many, but it may be said that these pages constitute a unique and splendid chronicle of brave men who have met death unflinchingly on the Field of Honour. Wisely, too, the names of all sons of Peers and Baronets, and other of their relatives who have thus fallen are retained in the present volume, which is larger than any of its predecessors by some two hundred pages. Editor and publishers are alike to be congratulated upon the completeness of the 1916 edition of their invaluable reference-book.

Generally the most interesting kind of war news is found in the diaries of the fighting men. It is not given to us all to have such thrilling entries to record, but we all need diaries for one purpose or another. Whatever that purpose may be, a suitable repository is certain to be discovered among the numerous varieties of the famous Letts' "Quikref" Diaries, now published by Messrs. Cassell. The original Letts started business just a century ago, and a No. 12 Letts is mentioned by Thackeray in his "Roundabout Papers." The new Letts Diaries, Calendars, and Almanacks for 1916 are in every respect up to standard, which is saying a great deal. They are made in all imaginable sizes and shapes, and sold at all sorts of prices. Among them are many special types for people of various occupations, from bishops to washerwomen.

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